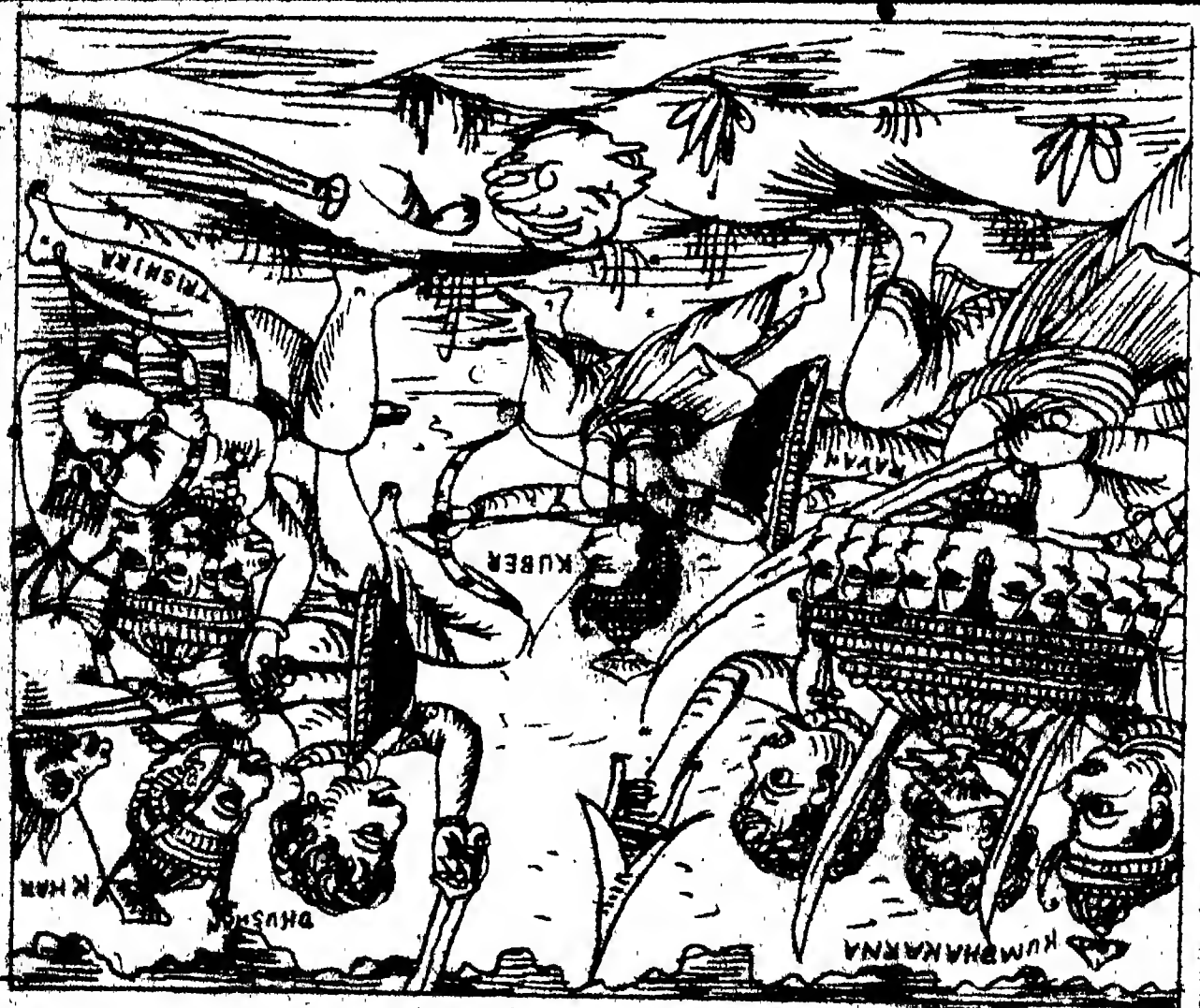
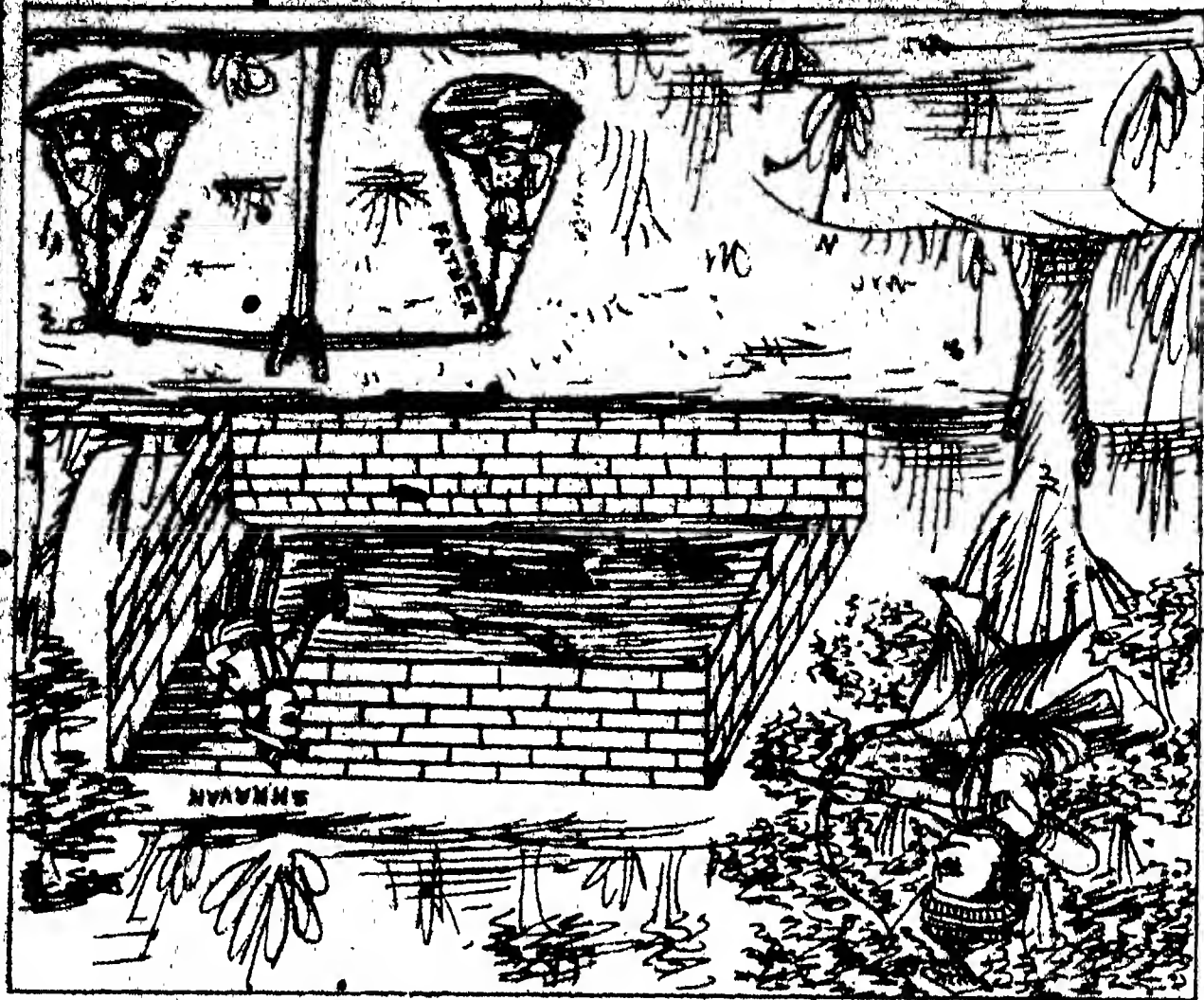


Ramavizaya. the
Mythological history,
of Ram or Pinand.

6014 a3



RAMAVIJAYA,

THE MYTHOLOGICAL HISTORY OF RAMA.

Powlasti, son of *Bramhadev*,* was married to Devavarni, and he had a son called Vishrava. The daughter of Bharadwaja, a *Rishi*,† was given in marriage to Vishrava; and she had a son called Kuber. Bramhadev had created Lanka and given it to Kuber. While Kuber was ruling there, a demon came from *Patal*‡ in the disguise of a Brahman and became very jealous of him. The demon said to himself, “Lanka is our country and this man has no right to rule here.” So saying to himself he gave his daughter, Kakesi, in marriage to Vishrava with a view to drive Kuber from Lanka with the help of the sons who would be born to her by him. Vishrava had by Kakesi three demons, Ravana, Kumbhakarna, and Vibhishana and two demonesses, Tateka and Surpanakha. Ravana and his brothers went to Gokarna, where they performed severe penances. *Siva*§ was propitiated by Ravana, Bramhadev by Kumbhakarna, and *Vishnu*¶ by Vibhishana. Bramhadev was pleased with their penances and called upon them to ask him for blessings. Rava

* The creating god of the universe.

† A sage.

‡ The regions under the earth.

§ The destroying god of the universe.

¶ The protecting god of the universe.

na was blessed with a power to imprison all the gods and also with wealth and learning. Kumbhakarna wanted such a blessing from Bramhadev as would enable him to devour heaven and earth. All the gods were, therefore, alarmed and prayed to the goddess, Saraswati, who induced him to ask the god for sleep. Bramhadev blessed him with sleep, saying that the demon would rise every six months to eat his meals and indulge in other luxuries. Vibhishana was blessed with a power to pray always to Vishnu. Ravana and Kumbhakarna then collected other demons including Kharadushana and Trishira and marched against Kuber to conquer Lanka. They fought with Kuber with all their might and energy, but the latter bravely repulsed them with heavy loss. Being disappointed, Ravana went to Vishrava and brought his letter to Kuber asking the latter to give the sovereignty of Lanka to the demon without any resistance. On reading the letter from his father he put Ravana into the possession of the country and proceeded to heaven by a *viman*.* Mayasur, a demon, gave his daughter, Mandodari, in marriage to Ravana. Dirghajwala, a grand-daughter of Bali, was married to Khumbhakarna, and Sharma, daughter of a *Gandharv*,† to Vibhishana. Ravana conquered all the countries and devoured a large number of the Brahmans and cows. He robbed Kuber of his treasure and oppressed all

* A conveyance or a chariot serving as a throne through the skies, self-directed and self-moving.

† A demi-god.

other people. He had eight thousand wives, one lac of sons and one lac and twenty thousand grand-sons. He had eighteen *kshoyanis** of musicians, who entertained him with music. All the kings were his slaves, and eight thousand torches lighted his *sabha* † every night. All the mountains for fear of *Indra* ‡ prayed to Ravana for protection, who told them to become elephants. They accordingly became elephants whom he took in his service and marched against Indra with his eldest son, Meghanand. A severe battle took place between the gods and the demons, but the former were defeated by the latter. In that battle Meghanand flung down Indra with his *hairawati*, § and hence he was called Indrajit, the conquerer of Indra. All the gods were seized by Ravana and released on the condition that they should serve him in his household in different capacities. All the gods became his slaves; Indra served him as his butler, Chandra held a *chatra* ¶ over him, Kuber and Anil cleaned and washed all the things in his house. Agni served him as his washer-man, and Gabhasti as his page. Brahaspati was his pleader, Bramhadev his priest, and Narada always entertained him with singing. Ravana became a great favourite of Siṁva; and by his blessing he had got ten faces and twenty hands. One day he, proud of his prosperity, went by his

* One kshoyani consists of 21,870 chariots, 21,870 elephants, 1,09,350 foot, and 65,610 horses.

† A court.

§ An elephant.

‡ The king of the gods.

¶ A large and lofty parasol.

viman to Kailasa, the place of Siva, when *Nandi*,* who was guarding the door of the abode in which the god lived, prevented him from entering it. The demon was greatly insulted at the conduct of Nandi, and said, "I do not care a fig of thee and thy master." So saying he began to force his way in, when Siva cursed him and said to him, "A human being and monkeys will kill thee in a battle." Enraged at this curse he tried to pull off the mountain on which the abode of Siva stood with a view to carry it to Lanka, when the god pressed it in such a manner that the demon-king was confined to it for one thousand years. He always cried and prayed to Siva during the time for his release. One day the god pitied him and set him free. Thence he went to Sahasrarjun and praised his own strength there, when the latter caught hold of him and put him in his arms. He was ashamed and went to the kingdom of Bali, who possessed prodigious strength. He entered the palace of the king and praised his valour and bravery, when the latter said in order to test his strength. "There lie the *kundalas*† of the demon, Heranyakashapu whom Vishnu had killed to protect Pralāda." Just go and get the ornament here." Ravana went to bring it but he could not lift it, when Bali said to him, "If thou canst bring the kundalas, just get that die which fell down there while my wife and I were playing together." Ravana accordingly went to bring the die but, to his great

* The bull on which Mahadev rides.

† Ear-ornaments.

surprise, he could not move it, when both Bali and his wife heartily laughed at him. Ravana, humbled as he was, set out for Lanka ; but on the road he was robbed of his clothes and ornaments and let off with soot being applied to his ten faces and with his hands tied up behind like a prisoner. He was much troubled by the people on the road. Some threw dust at him, some slapped him, some pulled him by the beard and others made him sit down on a dung-hill. A maid-servant of Bali caught him so forcibly that he implored her to spare his life. Vishrava then came there and begged of Bali to make a present of his son to him. His request was granted and Ravana was let off. The demon-king returned to Lanka with shame and confusion. A few days after his return to Lanka he went to catch Vali, who carried him in his arms to his house and tied him up to the cradle into which his son, Angada, was put by his mother. Vishrava came and requested Vali to set him free. Vali granted his request and, applying soot to all the faces of Ravana, allowed him to go to Lanka. One day he asked Bramhadev by whose hands he would die, when the god told him that he would die by the hands of Rama, son of Dasharatha and grand-son of Ajapal. Ravana got very indignant and said that he would kill Dasharatha and his wife by any means. Soon after, Ajapal made preparations for celebrating the marriage of his son with Kausalya, when Narada told him to watch his son and daughter-in-law, because Ravana would kill them under any circumstances. Whereupon

Ajapal took Dasharatha and Kausalya on board a ship in the sea far off and was about to tell his priest to perform their marriage, when Ravana attacked her at night with a large army of demons and broke her in the sea. All perished except Dasharatha and Kausalya. Ravana put Kausalya into a box and handed it over to a fish, which carried it to a desolate island and deposited it there for safety. While Dasharatha was struggling with the waves of the sea, he got into a broken vessel which was carried by the waves to the island, where the box was deposited by the fish. Dasharatha landed on the sea-shore ; and seeing the box there he seated himself upon it for rest for a while. Having got refreshed, he opened the box out of curiosity but, to his great surprise, he found Kausalya in it. Narada came there in the meantime and, having performed their marriage, blessed them, saying that the god, Rama, would be born to them. In Lanka Ravana asked Bramhadev what became of his prediction. He said, "Where is Dasharatha? Do you know he has perished in the sea?" Bramhadev replied, "Long since Dasharatha has been married to Kausalya and you will see that Rama will be shortly born to them." Ravana said, "Well then, get them here." Bramhadev replied, "If I get them here, what will you give me?" Ravana said, "I promise to give you whatever you will ask from me." Bramhadev then went and brought the box from the island ; and having opened it he showed the bride and bride-groom to the demon. As soon as he saw them, he got exceedingly enraged

and was about to cut off their heads; when Bramhadev stepped forward and said to him, "You promised me that you would give me whatever I would ask from you. I, therefore, ask you not to kill Dasharatha and Kausalya." Ravana replied, "You may ask me for any other thing but I cannot spare the life of those wretched beings." Bramhadev said, "I do not want any other things from you but I want you to spare their life." Ravana could not break his promise and accordingly spared their life. Bramhadev then brought them both to Ayodya and placed Dasharatha on the throne of the country. One day while Ravana was going by his viman, he observed on the road a beautiful woman; who was wife of a god, and sought to outrage her modesty. She complained to Bramhadev against the conduct of the demon, when the god cursed him and said that if he would outrage the modesty of any woman, he would cut himself into one hundred pieces. For fear of the curse he let her go and began to devour the Brahmans and cows that came in his way. The earth trembled and went in the form of a cow to Bramhadev with all the gods and Rishis and applied to him for protection, when a voice said, "I will be born in the family of Dasharatha and called Rama; and killing Ravana and all other demons, I will make all gods and good people happy. For the purpose of helping me the *Shesha** on which I lie, will be my

* The king of the serpent-race; as a large, thousand headed snakes, at once the couch and canopy of Vishnu and the upholder of the world which rests on one of its heads.

second brother, who will be named Lakshuman, the *shankha*,[†] which is in my hands, will be my third brother, who will be called Bharata and the *sudarshan*,[‡] my weapon, will be my fourth brother, who will be named Shatrughana ; and ye, all the gods, will be monkeys. Siva will be Maruti, Bramhadēv. Janbuvant, Dhana-vantari Sushen, Brahaspati Angada, the sun Sugriva, Agni Nala and Yama Rashabha." Listening to the voice of Vishnu all the gods and Rishis were glad and returned to their respective places. At Ayodya Dasharatha married more wives, Sumitra and Kaya-kayi. He was an accomplished prince and very dexterious in the use of *dhanushabans*.[§] One day he dreamt a dream in which he found that he killed an innocent man and woman. Whereupon he asked his *guru*,[¶] Vashista, a Rishi, to interpret the dream, when the latter said to him, "This dream indicates bad omens. I, therefore, advise you to kill a few stags and perform a penance, so that nothing bad may happen to you." Listening to the advice of the guru Dasharatha went to a forest for hunting stags ; and though he worked hard the whole day, yet he did not come across any stag. At the sun-set he lay in wait at a lake anxiously expecting a stag there. But, in the meantime, a man called Shravan came there with a *kavada*|| across his shoulders in which his helpless

† The conch-shell. ‡ A discus. § Bows and arrows.

¶ Spiritual teacher.

|| A bamboo lath provided with slings at each end for the conveyance across the shoulder of pitcher, &c.

old mother and father were seated by him. His parents, being thirsty, asked their son to fetch some water for them. Whereupon Shravan placed the kavada on the ground, and taking a goblet in his hands, went to the lake ; but whilst he was taking the water, the king thought that he was a stag and discharged an arrow at him, which passed through his heart. Dasharatha came where he was lying and became extremely sorry for the accident, when Shravan said to him, " I shall not now live. Please, therefore, take some water in this goblet and give it to my parents, as they are very thirsty ; and as soon as I hear that they have quenched their thirst, I shall instantly die. They are very old and cannot walk. I carry them in a kavada across my shoulders. Oh, my good king, take care of these poor creatures. There is no one to look after them." Dasharatha sighed and wept but the loss was irreparable. The king then took some water in the goblet and stood where the kavada was placed without speaking a word. The old woman and the man, who were blind, thinking that he was Shravan, said, " Child, why doest thou not speak ? Art thou angry with us, because we sent thee to the lake at this hour ? Child, thou art always obedient to us and what has irritated thee to-day ?" These words made Dasharatha shed tears, and at last he broke the sad news to the old parents of Shravan, when they cried violently and said, " Shravan, none can get a son like thee in this world. We feel much for thee and die with thee. Oh, we cannot bear this grief.

You, the murderer of our child, we curse you and say that you will also die of grief for your son in the same way we die." So saying they instantly expired. Dasharatha grieved much at the death of Shravan and his old parents by his own hands and performed their funeral ceremonies. The king then returned to Ayodya and informed Vashista of what had happened. At this time there was a great famine in the country, as there was no rain for twelve years, and consequently the subjects of the king died of hunger one after another. The rain was stopped, because Vrashaparva, a powerful demon, fought with the gods in heaven with the assistance of his guru, Shukra. Indra, therefore, sent a chariot to Dasharatha and requested him to come up to heaven and kill the demon, informing him at the same time, that the rain was stopped on account of the battle with the gods. Whereupon Dasharatha went by the chariot to Indra with his favourite wife, Kayakayi. Immediately on his arrival there Dasharatha fought with the demons and killed a large number of them, when Vrashaparva made an attack upon the king but he was also repulsed. His guru, Shukra, then took the field, and discharged arrows at the king, when the chariot of the king was about to give way but his wife, Kayakayi, supported it by one of her hands, of which the king did not know. Dasharatha bravely continued the fight and cut off the guru's horse and *mugut*.* Shukra fled in alarm with the other demons.

* A Tiaria.

When every thing was over, the king was informed that the victory he had gained in the battle with the demons, was due to his wife, Kayakayi. The king was pleased with her, and asked her what reward she wanted from him. Kayakayi replied, "Kindly give me your promise that you will give me whatever I will ask from you and I shall ask you for it whenever I like." The king generously gave the promise she required.

The victory, gained by Dasharatha in the battle with the demons, was due to Kayakayi, because when she was young, a *Tapaswi** came to her parents and stayed with them for a day. At the time of his bathing her mother told her to go and rub his body with scents. She accordingly went to him with the scents; but finding that the Tapaswi was absorbed in meditation, she applied soot to his face instead of the scents. Having found that the soot had been applied to his face, he got indignant and cursed the doer of the mischief and said, "Whoever has applied this soot to my face, will always be looked upon by all people with contempt." Her mother was afraid of this curse, and thinking that it was her daughter's doing, she threw herself at the feet of the Tapaswi and implored him to make the curse a little milder. Whereupon the Tapaswi said, "The hand with which your daughter had applied the soot to my face, will give success to her husband in a battle which he will fight with demons and for which only she will be praised by all."

* An ascetic.

After the battle was over, Brahaspati asked the king whether he had any issue. Dasharatha replied, "I am very sorry that I have no issue." The god blessed him and said, "Vishnu, the protecting god of the universe, will be born to you." Indra said, "There is a Rishi called Shringa Rishi who has not yet seen a human face. He lives with his father in a forest; and if he is induced and brought to Ayodya, his father, who is a great Tapaswi, will come there in search of his son; and by his blessing you will get children. I shall, therefore, send a *devangana** to the forest to charm him with her beauty and singing so that he may easily follow her." Dasharatha thanked Indra and returned to Ayodya with Kayakayi. Indra accordingly sent a *devangana* to the forest, when the young Rishi was placed by his father, Vibhandak, on a *malat*† in order that he might not be devoured by lions and tigers. The young boy, having seen the woman, was at first frightened; but soon after, he was charmed with her beauty and singing. As his father was absent, she brought him to Ayodya. Dasharatha cordially received him; and shortly after, he gave his foster-daughter in marriage to him. Vibhandak knew by his *yoga*‡ that his son was taken to Ayodya in his absence, and got so much enraged that he immediately went to that city to curse the woman to death. Dasharatha treated him with respect; and on finding that his son was married to the foster-daughter of the king, he was pleased with him and

* The wife of a god.

† An erected seat.

‡ A union with Brahma through abstract meditation.

blessed him, saying that four mighty sons would be born to him. The Rishis then made a *havan*.* The god, Agni, came out of it and entrusted to Vashista a *thalit*† full of *payas*‡ and told him to divide it equally among the three wives of the king, so that they might get sons, as soon as they partook of it. Vashista made three *pinda*§ of the payas and gave the largest of them to Kausalya, the eldest wife of Dasharatha, and the other two to Sumitra and Kayakayi. Kayakayi, the third wife of the king, was jealous of it and said that she was entitled to the largest pinda, because she supported the chariot of the king by her own hands, which was about to give way during the battle with the demons. While she was thus quarrelling about it, a *ghar*¶ from above snatched the pinda from her hands and flew in the air with it. She became exceedingly sorry and began to weep, when Dasharatha prevailed upon Kausalya to divide her pinda into two halves and give one to Kayakayi and keep the other for herself. Kausalya accordingly did it, and Sumitra also did the same thing in compliance with the wishes of the king. Thus Kayakayi got one full pinda for herself, which she ate heartily. Kausalya and Sumitra ate their own halves. Soon after, the three ladies became pregnant. The pinda which was snatched by the ghar from the hands of Kayakayi, fell by a blast of wind into the

* A hole made in the ground for receiving and preserving consecrated fire.

† A cooking pot.

‡ A dish composed of rice, sugar, milk, &c.

§ Lumps.

¶ A kite.

hands of Anjani, wife of a monkey called Kesari. She also swallowed up the pinda and became pregnant. The story of the child born to Anjani is as follows :—

Anjani, the wife of Kesari, performed a severe penance for seven years on the hills called Rishi Parvat, in order that the god, Siva, might be pleased to bless her with an immortal son. Siva was pleased with her and said, “An immortal son will be born to thee as thou wishest. He will be a part of my body. I, therefore, tell thee to sit here in meditation and swallow up any thing that falls into thy hands, so that thy wish may be fulfilled.” So saying Siva dis-appeared. The pinda from the bill of the ghar fell into the hands of Anjani, and she swallowed it up as directed by Siva.

The ghar was a devangana who had become a bird by the curse of Indra. This god was displeased with her, because she did not dance properly ; and it was appointed by Bramhadev that she would be released from the curse, as soon as the pinda fell into the hands of Anjani. The devangana was accordingly released from the curse ; and after her release she went to Indra. Anjanī, after a period of nine months, was delivered of a powerful son called Maruti. He was a monkey and had a long tail. When he saw the light, he was hungry ; and when he did not get any thing to eat, he went to devour the sun, believing him to be a fruit. At that time Rahu also came there to devour the sun when Maruti said to him, “Who art thou ? I have come here first to devour the fruit.” So saying, he

broke the head of Rahu with his tail and, catching him by his feet, flung him down. Ketu then came to help him, but he was also severely beaten by the monkey. In the mean-time, Maruti was brought down by his father, the wind.

After nine months Kausalya, Sumitra and Kaya-kayi were delivered of sons. Rama was born to Kausalya, Lakshuman to Sumitra and the twins, Bharat and Shatrughana to Kayakayi. They grew up, and the ceremony of investing them with sacred threads was performed. They were taught by Vashista the *Vedas** and *mantras*.† On their return from a pilgrimage Viswamitra, a Rishi, came to Ayodya. Dasharatha received him cordially and worshipped him with devotion. The Rishi blessed him and said to him, “Dasharatha, I want you to give me a promise that you will give me whatever I will ask from you.” The king gave him the promise the Rishi required, when the latter said to the former, “We all the Rishis are very much troubled by the demons, Maricha, Subhahu, Tatika and others. They have often destroyed our havans and consequently we are not able to perform our *yadnya*‡ successfully. No one can kill them except Rama. I, therefore, wish you to send Rama with me to kill the demons.” Dasharatha was startled, and replied, “Rishi, how can I send my tender child with you? How can he kill the mountain-like demons? You may ask me for any other

* Sacred writings of the Hindus.

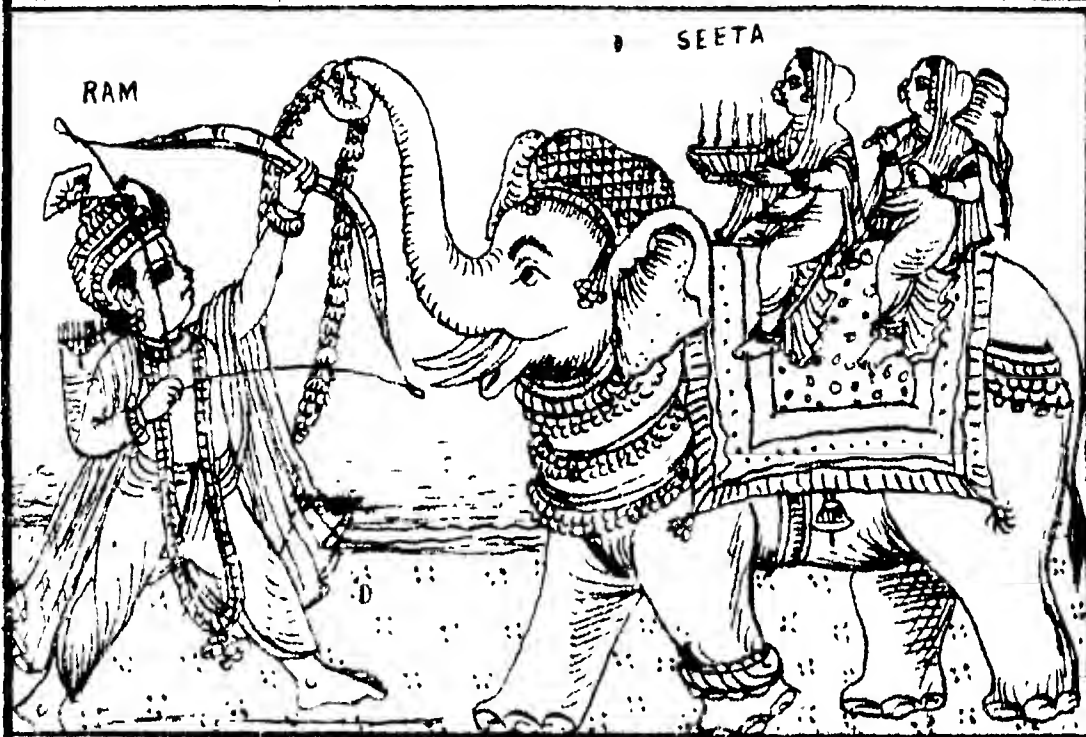
† Incantations.

‡ A sacrifice.

thing but not to send Rama with you." Viswamitra became very indignant and said, "You ought to have thought about it before you gave me the promise. At any rate I must now take Rama with me." In the mean-time Vashista came there and advised the king to send Rama with the Rishi, saying that if he did not listen to him, he would curse him and his sons, as he was obstinate and of a choleric disposition. Dasharatha then brought Rama and Lakshuman before his sabha and gave them in charge of the Rishi. Viswamitra then, accompanied by two young boys, set out for the forest, where the Rishis were performing their yadnya. But on the road they were encountered by Tatika, a hideous and frightful demoness. She had strength of ten thousand elephants, her chest was as large as a mountain, her hair and dress were saturated with blood, the strings of dead-bodies were put round her neck, and her head was besmeared with *shindur*.* As soon as she saw them, she opened her mouth and went with other demoness to devour them, when Rama instantly killed her with one arrow. Twenty crores of demons, headed by Banasur, a very powerful demon, then came upon Rama to revenge the killing of the demoness; but they all were repulsed by him with heavy loss. After the defeat of the demons they proceeded on their journey, and when they came near a *shila*,† it began to tremble as soon as the dust from the feet of Rama fell upon it; and no sooner did he

* Red powders.

† A flat stone.



touch it with his feet, than it became a beautiful woman who, bowing to Rama, returned to her husband. The story of how the woman became a shila is as follows :—

Bramhadev had a very beautiful daughter, named Ayilya. Many gods and kings requested her father to give her in marriage to them. But Bramhadev had made a condition that whoever would go round the earth and return within six hours, should marry her without loss of time. Whereupon all the kings and gods, including Indra, went round the earth, but none could return within six hours except Gowtam, a Rishi, to whom Ayilya was married agreeably to the condition. Indra became very jealous of the Rishi and sought to outrage her modesty. Some time after his marriage he and his wife went to a river with Rishis for ablutions on the day of an eclipse. After their ablutions were over, Gowtam sat there with the other Rishis for meditation; and his wife returned home. While she was alone in her abode, Indra went there in the disguise of her husband and outraged her modesty. In the mean-time, Gowtam returned home; and, finding Indra in the abode he cursed him and Ayilya, saying that there would be one thousand ulcers on the body of the god and that his wife would be a shila and remain in that state for sixty thousand years; but that as there was no fault on her part, she would be released from the curse, when Rama would touch her with his feet. Ayilya accordingly became a shila, and Indra a pea-cock with one thousand ulcers on his body. While the god in the form of a peacock was flying about in

forests, the other gods prayed to Gowtam for him, who, having been pleased with their prayers, restored Indra to his former state and turned all the ulcers on his body into eyes. After the release of Ayilya from the curse, Viswamitra proceeded on his journey with Rama and Lakshuman. Shatanand, son of Ayilya and the priest of the king, Janak, also accompanied him. They all arrived at the city of Mathila and put up at a garden there. At the request of Rama, Viswamitra related the story of the birth of Sita, the daughter of Janak, which is as follows :—

“ There was a king called Padamaksha. One day he said to Lakshumi, wife of Vishnu, ‘ I wish you would be born in my family and become my daughter.’ She replied, ‘ If I be born in your family and become your daughter, you will be miserable. I have however no objection to become your daughter, if my husband tell me to do so.’ Whereupon the king performed a severe penance to gain the favour of Vishnu, who was pleased with him and gave him a fruit, which the king took at home and kept with him. After nine months were over, the fruit bore a female child, the same Lakshumi. The king, having got a daughter, became exceedingly glad and named the child Padmakshi. She grew up and became marriageable. Many kings, demi-gods and Rishis requested her father to give her in marriage to them, but he refused to comply with their request, saying that he would marry her to a man whose body was dark blue. At this refusal they all got enraged and killed the king on the spot.

Whereupon his daughter threw herself into a havan in which the consecrated fire was burning. At that time Ravana happened to look at her, and was captivated with her charms. He immediately extinguished the fire with a view to catch her, but she disappeared. He found in the havan five *ratnas*,* which he gave to his wife, Mandodari. The five *ratnas* were placed by Ravana and his wife in a box ; and soon after, they found, to their great surprise, that a female-child played in it with pleasure. Ravana lifted the child but Mandodari said, ‘ If you keep this child here, the whole of Lanka will be set on fire. The kingdom of Padmaksha was annihilated on account of this child, and the poor king was killed by the kings and demi-gods who had gone there to solicit her in marriage. I, therefore, propose that the box should be thrown somewhere else.’ Ravana was alarmed, and ordered his minister to bury the box in the kingdom of Janak, who was the bitterest enemy of the demon-king. The minister accordingly ordered his men to carry the box and bury it as directed by Ravana. The men lifted the box, when the child said, ‘ I shall again come here and extirpate all the demons.’ Ravana got enraged and was about to kill the child, when Mandodari prevented him from doing so. The box was then carried at night and buried in the field presented by Janak to a Brahman. One day while the Brahman was ploughing his field, he found the box and carried it to the king. The box

was opened and, to the great astonishment of all, a girl of the age of five years was found in it. As soon as the king saw her, he was moved with affection, and brought her up as his daughter. One day Purusharam, having killed all the *Kshetriyas** on earth, came to the kingdom of Janak. He went into the palace with the king to take dinner; and when he came out after dinner, he found that some one had removed the *dhanusha*† placed by him at the court of the king. He was greatly enraged and said, ‘Who has broken my dhanusha! It is so heavy that it cannot be removed even by thousands of elephants.’ So saying he came out of the court with the king to look for it but, to his great surprise, he saw the girl riding on it. No sooner did she behold her father than she left the dhanusha there and ran away, when Purusharam said to the king, ‘My incarnation is now over. Let the dhanusha be here. I now advise you to hold a *sayawar*‡ and marry your daughter to any man who will lift and break the bow.’ So saying Purusharam left for his abode. Soon after, the king held a sayawar and invited to it all the kings and Rishis on earth. All attended the sayawar including Ravana, who came there without invitation. The king told the assembly that Sita would be married to any man who would lift and break the dhanusha. Many kings attempted to lift it, but they all failed in their attempt. Ravana then stepped forward and loudly

* Warriors.

† A bow.

‡ The choosing from amongst a public assembly, of a spouse by a female.

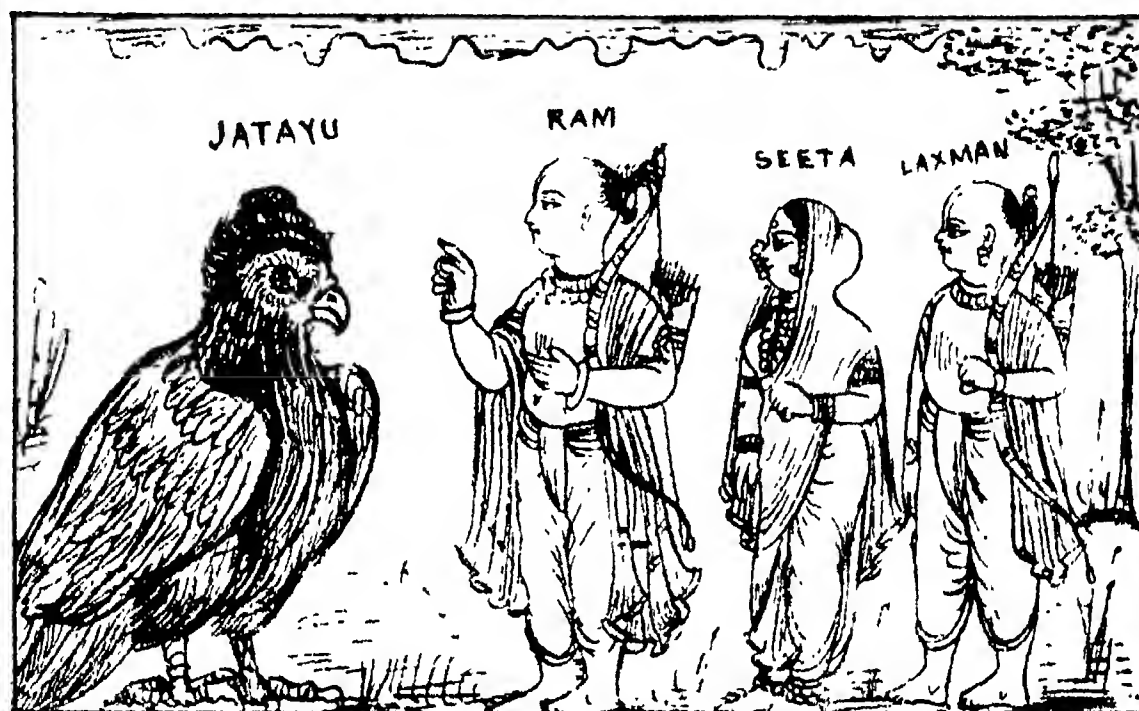
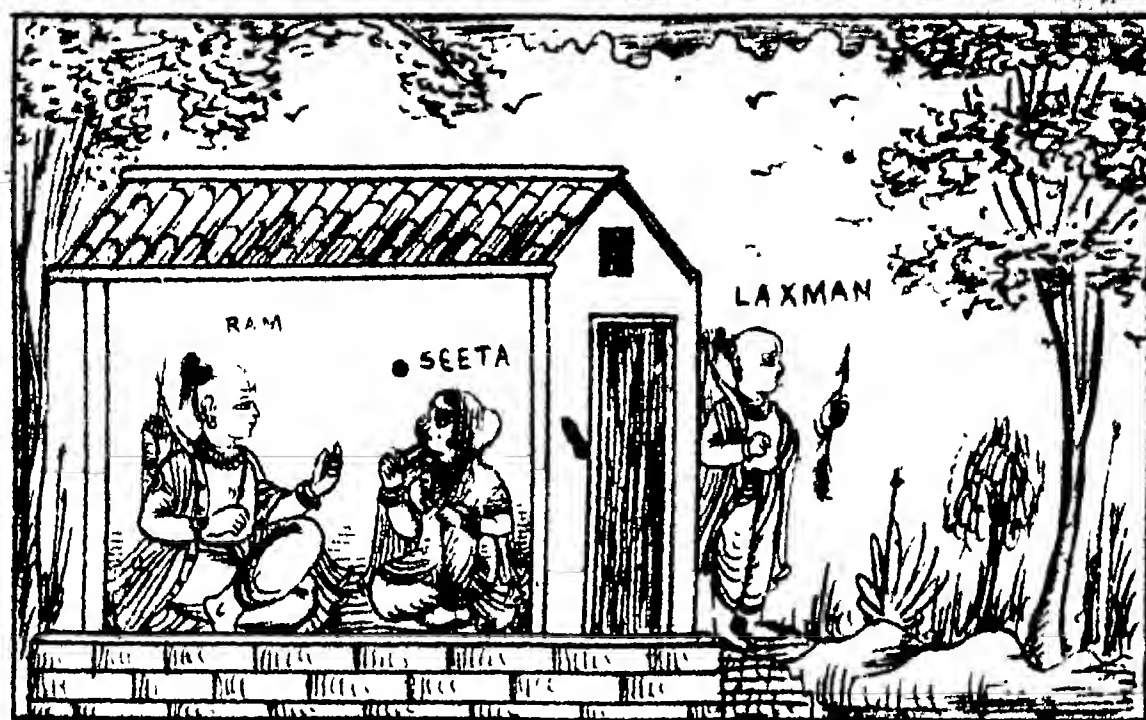
said with pride and vanity, ' This bow is a trifling thing to me. I shall break it in a second. I know, ye, weak kings and Rishis, will not be able to lift it. It is I who would lift and break the dhanusha and marry Sita. Sita will be my wife, and I shall be her husband.' So saying, he began to lift the dhanusha with all his strength and force ; and while he was lifting it, it fell heavily on his breast, and consequently he panted for breath and implored others to help him, when Rama immediately removed it, at the suggestion of Viswamitra, and broke it into two pieces. Sita, who was seated all the time on the back of an elephant, put the garland in her hands round the neck of Rama, when Ravana returned to Lanka with shame and confusion. Janak informed Dasharatha of the sayawar and requested him to come to Mithila to celebrate the marriage of his son with Sita. Dasharatha, full of joy, went to Mithila with his wives, sons, and courtiers. Soon after, Rama was married to Sita, and Varmila, Maliti and Shrutakirti, the other daughters of Janak, to Lakshuman, Bharat, and Shatrughna respectively. Rama knew that Purusharam would come and fight with him on account of the dhanusha he had broken ; and, therefore, he did not like to stay any longer at Mithila. But at the request of his father-in-law he stayed there for a few days more. In the mean-time, Narada went to Purusharam and told him that a man called Rama had broken his dhanusha. He was greatly enraged at this news ; and having come to Mithila, he kicked up a great row about the dhanusha. To foment the quarrel

Narada told him that Rama had broken the bow and that he was so proud that he did not even come down to receive him. Purusharam got indignant and let off arrows at Rama, which melted away, as soon as the latter saw them. Purusharam, thinking that his incarnation was over, laid down his arms and weapons, when Rama came down and embraced him heartily."

Soon after, Dasharatha, accompanied by his wives and sons, returned to Ayodya with exultation and joy. The king had invited to the marriage of Rama his brother-in-law, Sangramajit, who requested the former to send Bharat and Shatrughana to spend a few days with him. Dasharatha bade his sons go with him, though they were un-willing to part with his brothers, Rama and Lakshuman for a single moment. Kakayi pressed her sons to go with her brother; and they accordingly went with him. Rama and Lakshuman were very obedient to their parents and served them with all their heart and soul. One day the king, looking to his old age, made up his mind to install Rama in the throne of Ayodya. He made every preparation to perform the ceremony of installation and invited to it all the kings and Rishis on earth. All the gods and Brahmans were afraid that if Rama was installed in the throne of Ayodya, he would not go to Lanka and relieve them from the oppression of the demons. Viranchi, one of the gods, therefore, sent one Vikalpa to go to Ayodya and prejudice Kakayi and all the subjects of the king against Rama and put an obstacle in the performance of the ceremony, so that

the prince might go to the forest of the demons and kill them all. Vikalpa tried his utmost to prejudice them against Rama ; but they were so good and pious that they remained faithful to the prince. There was one wicked woman, Mantra, a favourite maid-servant of Kakayi, whom he prejudiced against Rama. She hated the prince ; and with a view to deprive him of the throne of Ayodya, she went into the room of Kakayi and, throwing herself on the ground, began to beat her breast with tears in her eyes, when Kakayi asked her what the cause of her grief was. Mantra replied, “ You, unfortunate woman ! Your husband is going to install Rama in the throne of Ayodya, and as soon as he is placed on the throne, he will kill your both the sons. I shall be very glad, if your Bharat is installed in the throne.” Kakayi said, “ I have no objection to the installation of Rama whom I love as my son, Bharat.” Mantra got exceedingly enraged and began to cry violently. Kakayi went to quiet her, when Vikalpa prejudiced her also against Rama. Mantra, seeing a sudden change in her mistress, was mightily pleased with her and kissed her. Kakayi said, “ My dearest, just tell me what I should do to get rid of Rama.” “ Anyhow,” replied Mantra, “ we must send him away and have our Bharat placed on the throne of Ayodya. I, therefore, tell you with pleasure that if the king come to see you, ask him to fulfil the promise given by him to you during the battle he had fought with the demons in heaven. Do you remember the promise given by him to you ? He promised you that

he would give you whatever you would ask from him as a reward for helping him in the battle. You should, therefore, ask the king to send Rama to the forest of demons for fourteen years and place Bharat on the throne of Ayodya. And another thing is that if the prince goes to the forest, the king will soon die of grief for his son; and it will be then a very good thing for you and your sons to pass your days in happiness." Kakayi liked the advice of Mantra; and before the king came into her room at night, she had taken off her ornaments and thrown herself on the ground with her hair in disorder. In the meantime, the king entered her room and asked her what the matter was, when she replied, "Thou, wicked king. Be gone. I know your heart. You are going to banish my sons to a forest and give the kingdom to Rama." Dasharatha replied, "What you say is untrue, because I love Bharat and Shatrughana as much as I love Rama and Lakshuman." Kakayi replied, "Be gone. I do not want you in my room." The king felt it bad, when Kakayi spoke those words; and in order to pacify her he asked her what she wanted from him, when Kakayi replied, "The promise given to me by you during the battle with the demons, must be now fulfilled. What I want from you is that you should banish Rama to the forest of the demons for fourteen years and install my son Bharat in the throne of Ayodya." The king was thunder-struck, when Kakayi made the cruel demand, and persuaded her much to ask him for something else; but she did not mind him. In the mean-time, his faithful minister,



Sumant, came and informed the king, who was lying on the ground in disorder, that everything was ready for performing the ceremony of installation, when the latter told the former what had happened in the room of Kakayi. The minister, being exceedingly sorry, went and called Rama in the room of Kakayi. The prince came and implored his father to tell him the cause of his grief, when Kakayi replied, "The king had given me a promise at the battle with the demons that he would give me whatever I would ask from him. I have asked him to fulfil that promise, and since then he has been very sorry." Rama said, "I think, he is not able enough to comply with your demand." Kakayi replied, "I should think so." "Well", said Rama, "if my father cannot give you what you want from him, I promise to give it to you." Kakayi replied, "Then go to the forest of the demons for fourteen years with Lakshuman and let my son, Bharat, rule in Ayodya." Rama said, "Most willingly. I have no objection to do so. It is just the same thing to me, because Bharat and I are one." Rama then, taking his leave of Kakayi, went to his mother, Kausalya, and told her what had happened. Kausalya became very sorry and said, "Thou shalt not leave me. ~~Hide thy-~~self in my room for fourteen years, and I shall keep the secrecy. I cannot remain without thee." Rama replied, "Mother, excuse me. I am now bound by my promise to go to the forest." So saying he threw himself at her feet and obtained her permission to go to the forest. He then went to Lakshuman and told

him all that had taken place, when the latter said, "I shall accompany you. I cannot live here without you, and if you leave me here alone and go to the forest, I shall commit suicide." Rama, having consented to take Lakshuman with him, went to his wife, Sita, and said, "I am going to a forest for fourteen years and until I return to Ayodya, I ask you to live with Kausalya. I cannot take you with me in the forest, as you are delicate and will not be able to bear hardship with me." "I shall follow you," replied Sita, "and share any misfortune that may befall you. I, therefore, go down on my knees and implore you not to leave me here alone." Whereupon Rama consulted Vashista and promised Sita that he would also take her with him. Lastly he went to take his leave of Dasharatha, when the king said with tears in his eyes, "I feel much for thee. The wicked and wretched woman has done this all, and I do not think that I shall live until thou returnest to Ayodya. I shall die of grief for thee. As I cannot tell thee to break the promise given by thee to Kakayi, I give thee my consent to go to the forest. Child, take with thee all necessary things and pass thy days in happiness." "Father," replied Rama, "I do not want any thing. I shall dress myself in *valkalyas** and pass my days in meditation." As soon as Rama spoke these words, Kakayi brought valkalyas and placed them before Rama, Sita, and Lakshuman, who dressed themselves in them and set out for the forest with the minister,

* Barks of a tree.

Sumant. They arrived at Shramga Vera, where Rama sat down for rest on the grass under the shade of a tree near a beautiful river and, having refreshed himself there, requested a fisherman called Guhaka, who was his devotee, to convey him with Sita and Lakshuman to the other side of the river. Guhaka asked him who he was, when he informed him that he was Rama, the eldest son of Dasharatha. Whereupon the fisherman, having embraced him, conveyed him with Sita and Lakshuman to the other side of the river, when Sumant took his leave of the prince and returned to Ayodya. Rama then went to the abode of Bhardwaj, a Rishi, who worshipped him and requested him to stay with him for about fifteen days, when the prince said, "I cannot stay with you any longer, because the people of Ayodya will often come here and entreat me to return to the kingdom. I shall, therefore, go to the *Dandakarnya*."* At the request of Rama Bhardwaj showed him the way that led to the hills called Chitra Kuta, where many learned Rishis lived. He went up to the hills and saw Valmika, a Rishi, and worshipped him with respect and reverence. Lakshuman built a *parnakutika*† there, and they all lived in it.

On the return of Sumant to Ayodya Dasharatha died of grief for Rama. It was a pity that none of his sons was present at the time of his death. His wives, Kausalya and Sumitra, much mourned for the king but Kakayi did not shed a tear for him. To perform the funeral ceremony of the king his sons,

* A forest called Dandakarnya.

† A small hut.

Bharat, and Shatrughana, were sent for, and until they returned to Ayodya, his body was put into a *Kadayi*,* full of oil, in order to preserve it. Soon after, Bharat and Shatrughana returned to the city; and, having seen the lifeless body of their father, they violently cried and much lamented for him. Vashishta said, "The body of the king cannot be burnt, unless some one is placed on the throne of Ayodya. Rāma and Lakshuman have gone to the forest, and I, therefore, ask Bharat to occupy the throne, as Kakayi has got them banished to the forest to secure the throne for him." At this information Bharat was startled, and said to Vashishta with tears in his eyes, "O! how can I bear this grief? I do not want the kingdom. I want nothing from this city. I go down on my knees and beseech you not to install me in the throne, as my beloved Rama is a rightful claimant of it. I will go wherever Rama is, and pass my days with him." Having known the heart of Bharat Vashishta placed the *padukas*† of Rama on the throne and proclaimed him as the king of Ayodya. Shortly after, the body of Dasharatha was carried to the funeral ground, and burnt with all his wives, except Kausalya, Sumit̃rā and Kakayi. Kausalya and Sumitra were ready to burn themselves with their husband, but Vashishta prevented them from doing so, as they had sons. After the funeral ceremony of Dasharatha was over, Bharat went and saw his mother, Kakayi, when

* A large vessel made of iron.

† Wooden shoes.

she said, "Son, I have caused Rāma and Lakshuman to be banished to a forest and secured the kingdom for you with the greatest difficulty. Now without delay take charge of the kingdom, and you will be very happy. We have now no enemies; and it is a very good sign that the king has also died." Bharat got very enraged at what he had heard from Kakayi and replied, "You are a murderer of your husband and an enemy of Rama. It is most sinful, wicked and disgraceful on your part to be a cause of the death of my father and of the banishment of my dear brother to the forest. Rama is the rightful claimant of the throne, let him come and take his kingdom. I want nothing except Rama and shall pass my days with him in the forest." So saying he dressed himself in valkalyas and set out for Chitrakuta to join his brothers. He was followed by Vashista, Kausalya, Sumitra, Shatru-ghana, Sumant, and all the people of Ayodya, who were very anxious to see Rama. They all arrived at the river, where Guhaka had his hut; and at the request of Bharat the fisherman conveyed all the people to the other side of the river. Lakshuman, having seen the people, thought that Kakayi had sent them to kill Rama and began to let off arrows at them. But Rama stopped him, saying that they were not his enemies. Shortly after, they all reached the paranakutika of Rama, when the prince embraced them very affectionately and asked his mother how the king was doing. Kausalya, overwhelmed with grief, could not utter a word, when Vashista broke the sad news to him. He

deeply mourned for his father and remained mute for a while. Vashishta condoled with him and told him to perform the last ceremony of his father. Whereupon he went to the river, Gaya, and performed the ceremony. Kausalya, Sumitra, Vashishta, and all the people persuaded Rama to return to Ayodya and take charge of the kingdom, when he said, "I am always true to my promise, faithful to my wife, and of a firm resolution. I cannot, therefore, break the promise given by me to my mother, Kakayi, to fulfil the promise given by my father to her and return to Ayodya under any circumstances." Bharat said, "If you do not come to Ayodya, I will go somewhere else and pass my days there until you return to the city." Rama, stroking his head, replied, "Bharat, do not be disheartened. I shall return to Ayodya in fourteen years and fourteen days. I, therefore, wish you to go back to the city and rule there on my behalf." Bharat said, "I am very glad to obey you, but I shall not feel there well without your company. I therefore, beg that you will kindly let me go to Nandigram and stay there for fourteen years and fourteen days." Rama replied, "If you will not be happy in Ayodya in my absence, I shall let you go to Nandigram." "But," said Bharat, "if you do not return from the forest within fourteen years and fourteen days, I shall commit suicide." Rama, having been pleased with his brotherly feelings, gave him his padukas and sent him to Nandigram, where he lived as a *Jogi** for fourteen years

* An Ascetic.

and fourteen days. Rama also gave his padukas to Shatrughana and bade him go to Ayodya and rule there on his behalf. Shatrughana returned to Ayodya with Kausalya, Sumitra, and all the people who had accompanied him. A few days after he had left for Ayodya, the Brahmans, who lived at Chitrakuta, said, "Rama, your wife is very handsome and attractive. If you stay here with us any longer, the demons will come here and devour us all. We are informed that the demons, Trishira, Khur, and Dushan, will shortly come here to carry off your Sita. We, therefore, request you to leave this place at once." Rama replied, "You need not be afraid. Let all the demons on earth come here, I shall kill them all and defend you." The Brahmans, having no faith in what Rama had said, left the hills with their wives and children. Soon after, Rama removed to the Dandakarnya; and on his way to the forest, he killed a demon called Viradha.

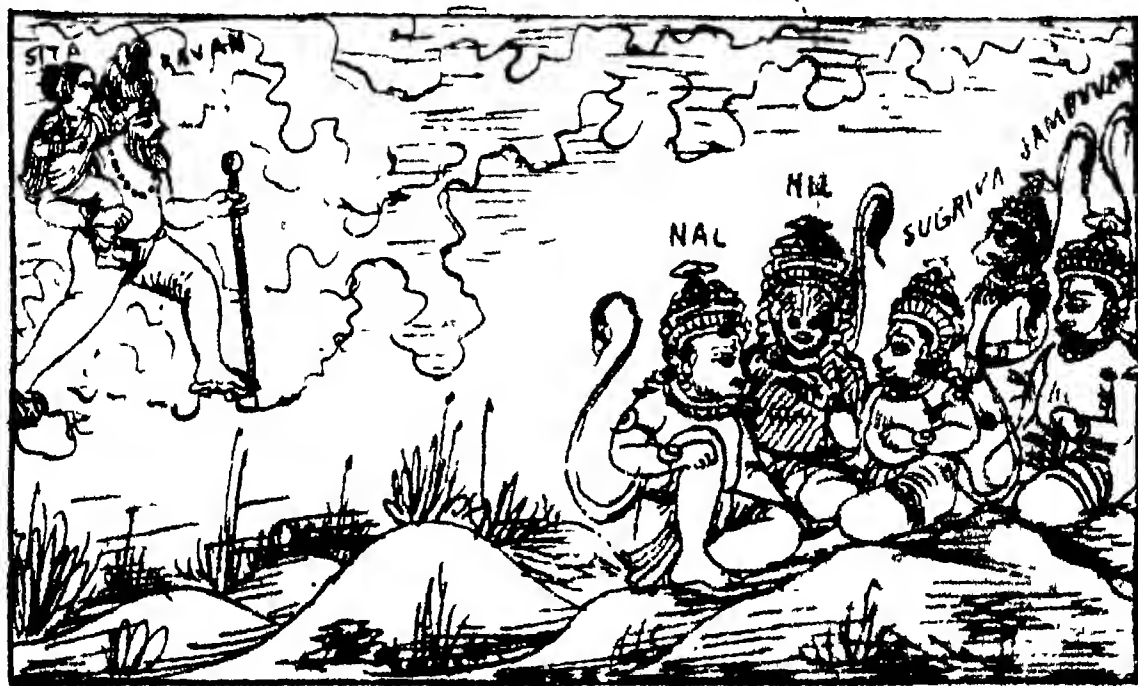
Viradha was a gandharv called Tumbar. One day Kuber, having called him in his presence to sing for him, the demi-god got tipsy and went before him. Kuber got enraged at his conduct and cursed him, saying that he would be a demon and would wander in the forest for ten thousand years but that he would be released from the curse, when he would be killed by the hands of Rama. As appointed, the gandharv was killed by Rama and released from the curse.

Rama spent thirteen years with Sita and Lakshuman in visiting holy places. And during his pilgrimage he visited the abode of Atri, a Brahman, where he

worshipped the three headed god, Datatraya. Thence he went and visited Agasti, a very powerful Rishi. The story of the power of the Rishi is as follows :—

“There lived three demons called Atapi, Vatapi, and Alva. They were blessed by the god, Siva, with the art of enchantment by means of which they devoured the innocent Brahmans. Vatapi changed himself into food and Alva into water. Atapi became a benefactor and invited every Brahman to partake of the food and water. The Brahman came ; and as soon as he ate the food and drank the water, Atapi cried aloud the names of Vatapi and Alva who, having responded to the call of their brother, tore the body of the Brahman into pieces and came out. Thus they killed every Brahman and ate his flesh. One day Agasti was invited by Atapi to partake of the food and water. The Rishi complied with his invitation ; and as soon as he ate the food and drank the water, Atapi cried aloud as usual the names of his brothers but to his great surprise, they did not respond to his call, as the Rishi burnt Vatapi in his stomach. Alva, who had escaped from the belly of the Rishi, and his brother, Atapi, assumed different forms and began to run away, when the Rishi cut off the head of Atapi. Alva escaped and mixed himself with the ocean, when Agasti drank off the whole ocean and killed the demon.”

Rama stayed with Agasti for a month ; and during his stay there he presented him with an arrow to kill Ravana. From the Dandakarnya Rama set out for Panchavati. On the road he saw a huge bird called



6

7

who asked Rama who he was. "I belong to the solar race," replied Rama, "and am son of the king, Dasharatha. I am called Rama." "I am son of Kasha," said Jatayu. "The name of my uncle is Suparna, and I am called Jatayu. Your father was my great friend. I helped him during the battle which he had fought with Shukra and, therefore, he called me his brother." Having embraced Jatayu, Rama proceeded on his journey and reached Panchawati, where he lived with Sita in a parnakutika built by Lakshuman. Lakshuman gathered fruits and *kandamuls** for Sita and Rama, which they ate and passed their days there. He guarded the hut every night for fear of the demons and he himself remained without food.

One day Lakshuman went near a thicket to collect fruits and kandamuls, where he saw a deadly *khadag*† descending from above. The weapon fell where he was standing; and it having looked sharp and powerful, he tried it on the thicket, but, to his great astonishment, the wood was cut into two parts, and there flowed a large quantity of blood. Lakshuman was afraid that he killed some ascetic, while meditating in the thicket; and in order to satisfy himself about it he immediately went to Rama with the khadag and informed him of what had happened, when Rama said, "Brother, do not be afraid. The blood which flows through the thicket is of a demon called Shabari.

A esculent roots.

† A sword.

This demon is the son of Surpanakha, a sister of Ravana. He was meditating in the thicket unobserved with a view to get the weapon from Siva. The god had sent the weapon for him. If the weapon had gone to the hands of the demon, he would have annihilated the whole of the universe with it. 'Thank God that you have got it ; and I tell you' to take a particular care of it,' Lakshuman was pleased with this information and cheerfully attended to his duties.

On the day Shabari was killed by Lakshuman, Surpanakha found in her dream that some calamity had befallen her son ; and having been awakened, she, accompanied by four demonesses, immediately started for the forest to look for her son. She wandered in the forest, and at last came to the thicket ; and seeing the blood there she searched the whole wood and found her son cut into two parts. As soon as she saw her son, she fainted and cried violently for him. The other four demonesses condoled with her, and immediately after, they burnt the body of Shabari and went in search of the enemy who had killed the demon. They traced Lakshuman from his foot-prints ; and in order to revenge the killing of her son she formed herself into a beautiful damsel ; and taking with her the four demonesses, who had also changed themselves into very good maid-servants, she went to Lakshuman and said, " I have travelled all over the earth in search of a husband ; but I have not found a young man as beautiful as yourself. I have become mad after you, and unless you consent to marry me, I shall not live.

I, therefore, implore you to take me for your wife. Do not you see how I look? Can you get elsewhere a quite young girl like me?" Lakshuman was not at all captivated with her charms, but she having much insisted upon his giving her an answer, he replied, "I have got my brother and sister-in-law. There they live in a hut. I cannot do anything without their consent." "I shall go to your brother," said the demoness, "and get a letter from him consenting to our match." So saying, she went to Panchawati with her maid-servants and said to Rama, "I like your brother from the bottom of my heart. I have made up my mind to marry him, and he has also promised me to take me for his wife subject to your approval of the match. I, therefore, pray that you will kindly pity me and give me your letter or any other sign signifying your consent to our marriage." Sita was moved with her manner of address, and requested Rama to comply with her request. Rama surveyed her from head to foot; and finding her eye-balls up-side down, he knew that she was Surpanakha in the form of a human being. Rama, therefore, said, "I have no objection to give you my consent but I shall write it on your back." "How can you do it," replied she, "I feel bash-ful to show you my back." "It does not matter," continued Rama. "There is no one here." At last Surpanakha told Rama to write his consent on her back, which the latter wrote and sent her way. The demoness hastened to the place where Lakshuman was standing and said, "You see, your brother has consented to our marriage with much pleasure.

If you like, you may go and ask him about it. I am not a liar, you know. He has given me no letter or any sign but he has simply told you to marry me.” “That will not do,” replied Lakshuman. “I must have a letter or sign from my brother signifying his consent to our marriage.” Surpanatha, having known his mind, showed the letter written by Rama on her back. The letter stated that as soon as Lakshuman read it, he should at once cut off the nose and ears of the demoness. Lakshuman read the letter and, having seized her by her hair, flung her down and cut off her nose and ears as directed by Rama. When her nose and ears were thus cut off, she and her maid-servants assumed their original forms and fled for fear of losing their lives, screaming hideously. Listening to her yells Trishira, Khur and Dushan came to help her with fourteen thousand demons. “Look at my nose and ears,” she said to them. “There live three human beings, two males and one female. The man, who called himself Lakshuman, has disfigured me at the instigation of his brother and sister-in-law. You must now go there and cut off their heads, so that I may drink their blood and refresh myself with it.” Trishira, Khur and Dushan, having thought it below their dignity to go and fight with those human beings, selected fourteen powerful demons and sent them to Panchawati with Surpanakha, but Rama cut off their heads with one arrow. Surpanakha fled in alarm and informed Trishira, Khur and Dushan of what had happened. Whereupon they marched against Rama with all the

demons but they were also killed by the prince with his arrow in a moment. Surpanakha fled to Lanka in consternation and, showing her nose and ears to her brother, Ravana, informed him that Trishira, Khur and Dushan had been killed by Rama with fourteen thousand demons. Ravana was greatly alarmed at the sad news and, having called upon his uncle, Maricha, said to him, "You see, Rama has killed Trishira, Khur and Dushan and disfigured Surpanakha. If this enemy is allowed to go un-noticed, he will even kill me one day or other. I have, therefore, made up my mind to carry off Sita, his wife, to Lanka and kill Rama and Lakshuman. Please, therefore, be a beautiful *haran** and frolic at the *paranakutika* of Rama; and when he comes with his *dhanushaban*† to kill you, run to the heart of the forest. Rama will pursue you; and as soon as he is separated from Sita, I shall carry her off to Lanka." "It is sinful to covet one's wife," replied Maricha, "and if you carry her off, you will lose your life and everything. I, therefore, advise you to change your mind and attend to your affairs." At this advice Ravana got enraged and said, "It is a bad thing to advise me that way. It is your duty to help me on such occasions. I, therefore, command you to come with me and do what I tell you to do." Whereupon Maricha accompanied Ravana to Panchawati with the greatest reluctance. On their arrival there Ravana stood behind a thicket near the abode of Rama, and his uncle, chang-

A stag.

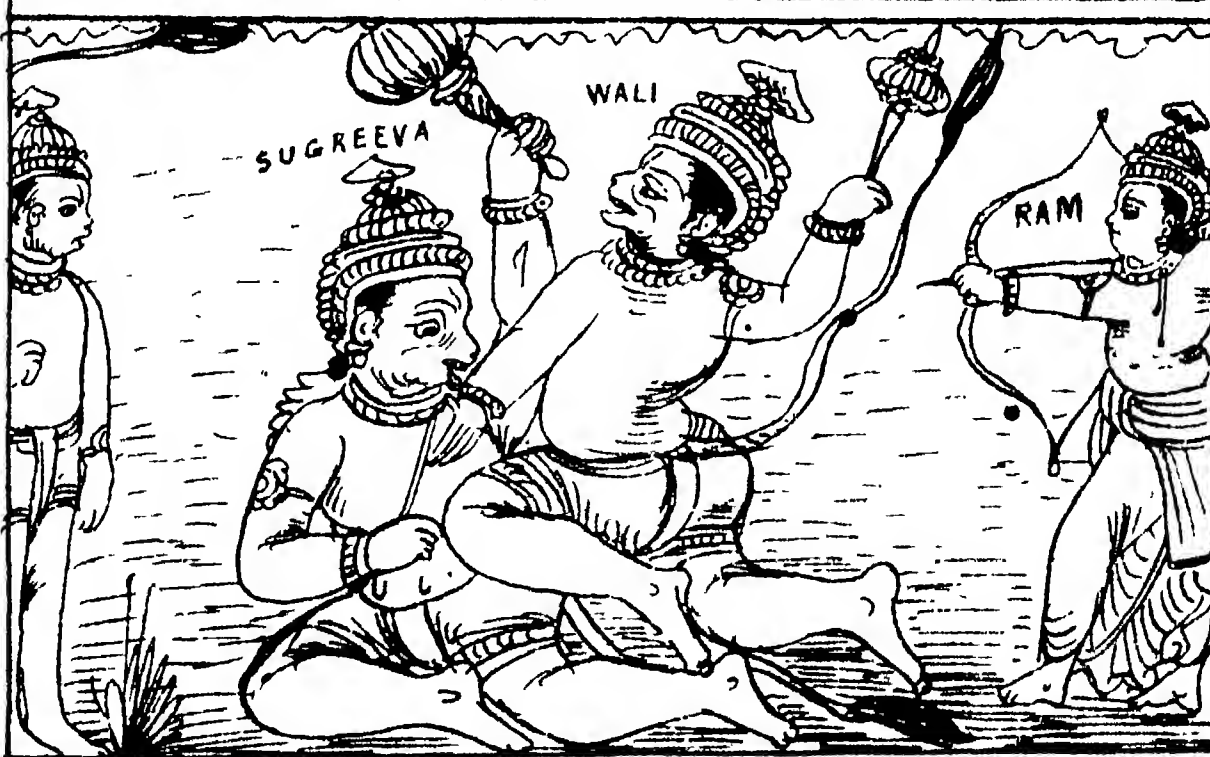
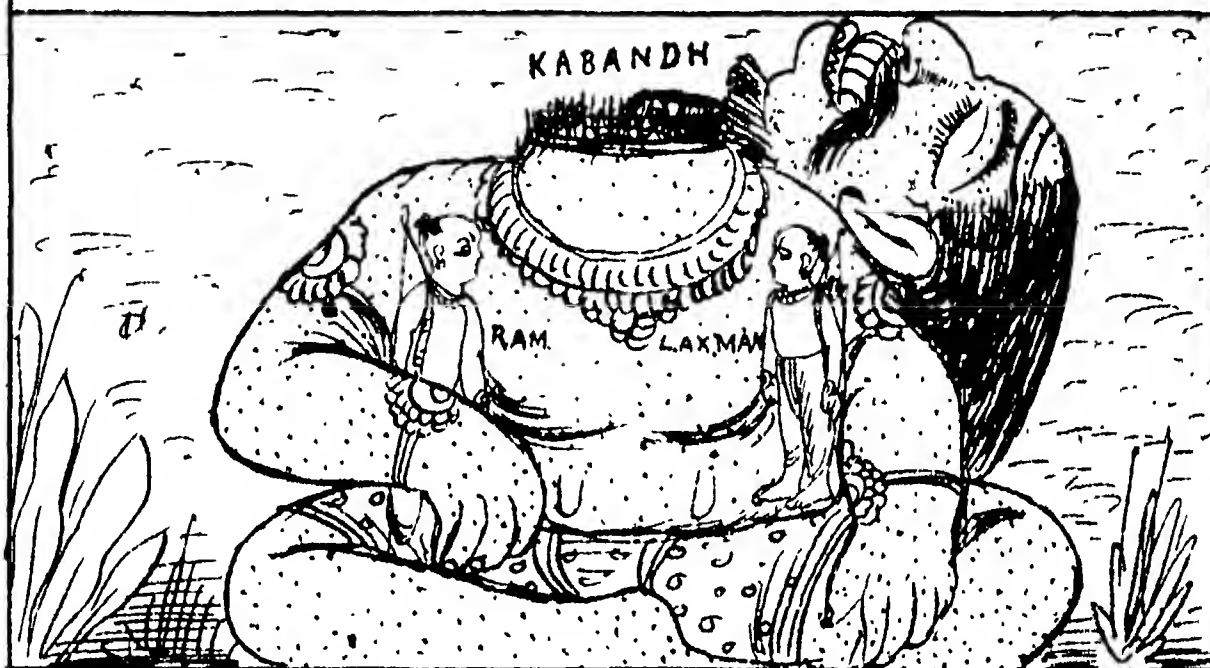
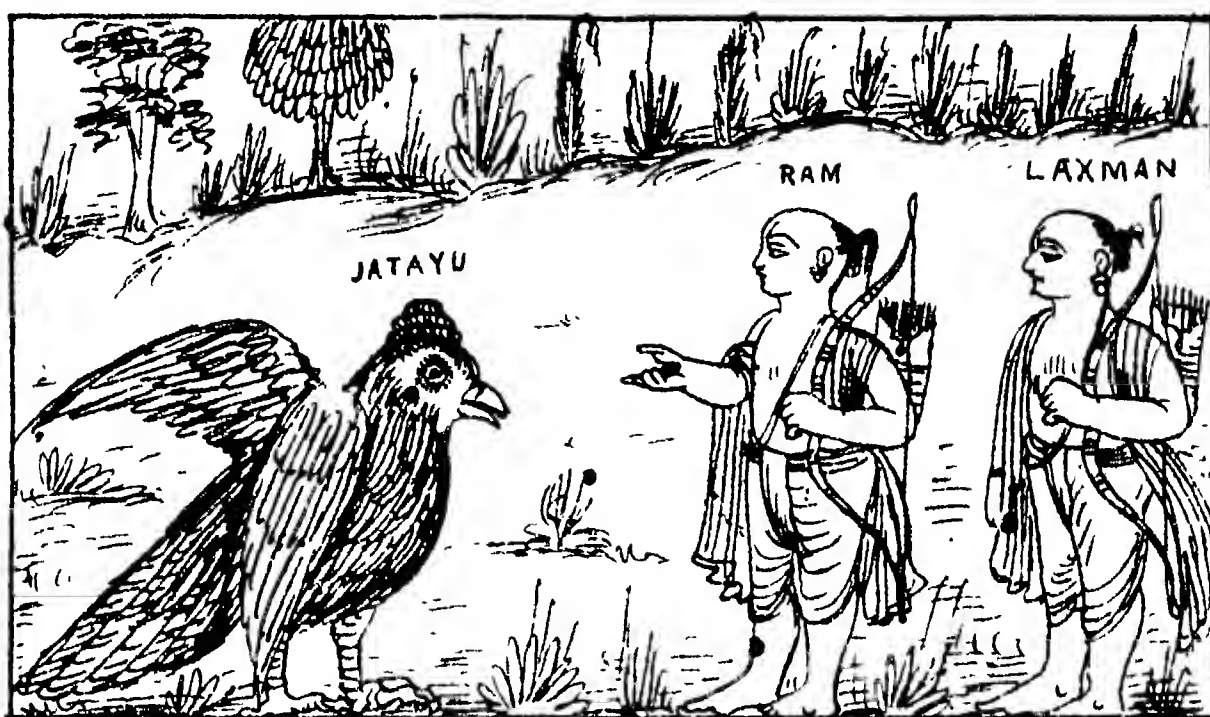
† A bow and an arrow.

ing himself into a stag, played tricks in front of it. Sita saw the stag and said to Rama, "Dearest, look at that stag. What a beautiful creature it is. I wish I would get its skin for my waist-coat. Please take this dhanushaban and kill it for me, so that I may have its skin for my waist-coat." To comply with the wishes of his wife Rama took up his dhanushaban and aimed at the stag. The animal began to run, and Rama went after it. When he went from the paranakutika far off, Ravana, who was standing behind the thicket unobserved, imitated the voice of Rama and cried out with a view to separate Lakshuman from Sita, "Lakshuman help me. Lakshuman help me. I am in distress." Sita heard this voice and said to Lakshuman in alarm, "Rama is in distress. I have just heard him cry out for help." "You need not be afraid," said Lakshuman. "None can hurt Rama. I am sure some demon has done the mischief with some bad motive." "Is this your affection towards your brother?" exclaimed Sita. "While Rama is actually in distress, you refuse to help him. Methinks you wish your brother's death and marry me after him." At this accusation Lakshuman shed tears and, having drawn a line around the parnakutika with his dhanuskaban, said to her, "I am now going to help Rama. Look at this line. I beg you not to go beyond it, and if you go, you will be in distress." So saying Lakshuman left the parnakutika with his dhanushaban; and when he went far off, Ravana disguised himself as a *Fakir*,* peeped at Sita through the

* An acetic.

door of the hut and cried out in a plaintive tone, "Is there any body in? I am a fakir here and dying of hunger. It will be a great meritorious act, if some one comes out and gives me some-thing to eat." Sita, who was full of kindness, came out and said, "Please sit down there. Rama will be presently here; and as soon as he comes, he will attend to your wants." "I shall not live until Rama comes here. If you now give me some-thing to eat, I shall bless you." So saying he threw himself on the ground and pretended to be worse. Sita was alarmed and left the line to give him succor, when Ravana immediately caught hold of her and said, "Do not be alarmed. I am Ravana, the king of Lanka. I am now going to take you to my kingdom. Quietly follow me." Sita rolled on the ground and violently cried, imploring him to leave her where she was. Her tears and entreaties did not move him in the least. He seated her in a chariot and set out for Lanka. Sita all the time cried aloud the name of Rama, which Jatayu heard and went to her rescue. "Ravana," said Jatayu, "I command you to set Sita at liberty; and if you disobey me, I shall instantly kill you." "Who art thou," replied Ravana. "What thou hast to do with this lady? Thou fool. Go and mind thy business." Jatayu insisted and Ravana let off arrows at him. The bird cut up with his bill all the arrows of the demon-king, broke the head of his charioteer and killed his horses. Ravana alighted, when the bird pounced upon him and pulled off his hair. He was alarmed and stood there be-wildered, not knowing what

to do. The bird broke his chariot, when the demon-king said, "Speak the truth. Just tell me how you will die. I shall also tell you how I shall die." Jatayu, who was a simpleton, replied, "If you pull off my wings, I shall die instantly." "Now just tell me," continued Jatayu, "how you will die." "If you break my toes," said Ravana, "I shall die in no time." As soon as this secret was disclosed by Jatayu, Ravana went to catch him. The bird broke one of the toes of his enemy, when the latter pulled off his wings. Jatayu, saturated with blood, fell there rolling; and the demon-king, taking Sita on his shoulders, proceeded towards Lanka. When he reached the hills, called Matang, five powerful monkeys, Sugriva, Nala, Nila, Janbuwant and Maruti, who lived there, found the ornaments thrown by Sita on the ground. Looking at the ornaments Maruti said, "Pity, some wicked demon must have been carrying off a poor woman. I shall kill the demon and rescue her." So saying he jumped in the sky but, in the mean-time, Ravana entered Lanka with his prize and despatched eighteen huge demons to search and kill Rama. A few days after his return to Lanka the demon-king said to Sita, "I beseech you to marry me. I am very powerful and have made all the gods my slaves. There is not a single soul on earth who can equal me in wealth, strength and valor. If you be my wife, you will be very happy." "Thou art wicked and a villain," replied Sita. "Thou wilt soon die. I shall never be thy wife. I loathe thee. Begone, thou fool." Having



heard these words of Sita, Ravana said to himself, "Sita is very much excited ; and unless she becomes calm, I shall not be able to win her heart." So saying to himself he placed her in the Asoka forest and posted five crores of demonesses with his sister, Trijata, at their head to watch her there with instructions to frighten her and make her marry him at any rate. The demonesses often showed their teeth and opened their hideous mouths as if they were going to devour her, but Sita was calm and did not heed them. Trijata, who was kind, encouraged her and told her not to frighten herself.

Lakshuman joined Rama in the forest and informed him of what had passed between Sita and himself. Lakshuman wept and Rama pacified him. They then returned to Panchawati ; and finding that Sita was not in the parnakutika, they were alarmed and went in search of her. They could not find her, and Rama grieved for her. They went to the Rishi, Agasti, who informed them that Sita was carried off by Ravana. They returned to their abode and saw the foot-prints of the demon and Sita. They then set out to search Sita in the forest. On the road they met Jatayu, who informed them of what had happened. "I," said Jatayu, "mustered up all my strength and courage to rescue her from the wicked demon, but as soon as he cunningly knew my secret, he pulled off my wings, and left me here in a dying state." So saying Jatayu breathed his last. Rama grieved for him and performed the funeral ceremony of his

death. The princes proceeded on their journey. On the road Parwati, the wife of Siva, disguised herself as Sita and stood before him ; but he did not receive her, as he knew that she was Parwati. A little further on, a huge demon, called Kaband, stretching his arms for some eighteen *yojans** and with his head separated from his trunk, sat in the forest. Rama came within the reach of his arms and, having found that they were of a demon, cut them off and killed the monster on the spot. Kaband was the son of Kashapa, a Rishi. One day he got drunk and frightened another Rishi, Stulashira, who cursed him, saying that he would be a demon but that he would be released from the curse when Rama would kill him. As soon as he was killed by Rama, he assumed his original form and stood before him. He said that his head was separated by Indra from his body with his *vajra*†, as he was performing a severe penance to enable him to take the kingdom of the god. On the road Rama killed the eighteen demons whom Ravana had sent, and came to the Pampa *sarovar*,‡ where Rama and Lakshuman sat down for rest under the shade of a banyan tree. From the hills, called Rishimukha, the five monkeys saw them. Sugrīva was afraid and said, “I think, Vali, my brother, has sent those two warriors to kill me.” So saying he was to flee, when Maruti said, “Do not be afraid. I will ascertain who those warriors are.” So

* A yojan measures nine miles.

† A weapon.

‡ A river called Pampa.

saying Maruti jumped upon the tree and, having plucked the branches of it, threw them at Rama, who cut them up with his dhanushabans. Maruti then threw large stones and mountains upon him but he broke them in a minute, and threw the monkey in the sky. His father, the wind, supported him, while he was falling down, and bade him worship Rama. He came down and, having thrown himself at the feet of the prince, implored his pardon, which was readily granted by him. He became a great devotee of Rama; and one day while he was shampooing the feet of the prince he said to him, "I shall be very glad to introduce you to Sugriva, brother of the king of this place, if you promise me that you will protect him." "Just tell me who that Sugriva is," replied Rama. Whereupon Maruti related the story of the life of Sugriva, which is as follows:—

"One day while Bramhadev was performing a penance, a drop of his tears fell on his hands; and it bore a king, called Raksharaj. He was a monkey. While he was going from forest to forest, he came to a river in Kayalasa, the kingdom of Siva. He bathed in the river; but immediately after, he became a very beautiful female. It was appointed by Parwati, wife of Siva, that any man, who would bathe in the river, would be a female. Indra and the sun were enamoured of the woman. By Indra she got Vali, and Sugriva by the sun. Having heard that Raksharaj became a female, Brahmadev came to the river, and prayed to Parwati to restore his son to his former form. Parwati

listened to his prayer and made Raksharaj a man again. The god then created a country called Kiskinda and gave it to him. Raksharaj ruled in the country for some time and, having placed his eldest son, Vali, on the throne, proceeded to heaven. Vali and Sugriva lived together and loved each other. Vali was very powerful and invincible, as he was presented by Indra with *Vijayamala*.* After some time both the brothers became mortal enemies, and Vali carried off his beautiful wife, Ruma. For fear of his brother, Sugriva made his abode on the hills called Rishimukha Parvat. They both fought together every six months." Rama bade Maruti tell Sugriva that he would kill Vali and restore his wife to him. Maruti immediately went to Sugriva and said to him, "You are in grief for your wife, so also Rama for his wife, Sita. Rama has promised to help you in recovering your wife and you will have to help him also in recovering his wife, Sita." Sugriva was glad at what Maruti had told him and set out with his army of monkeys to see Rama. On his arrival the prince cordially received Sugriva and told him all about Sita. Sugriva said that yesterday he heard screams of a woman and showed the ornaments found by the monkeys to Rama. The prince identified the ornaments as belonging to his wife and shed tears, when Sugriva said, "Do not be afraid. I shall help you with my able ministers, Nala, Nila and Jambuvat in recovering Sita from Ravan. Let us kill Vali

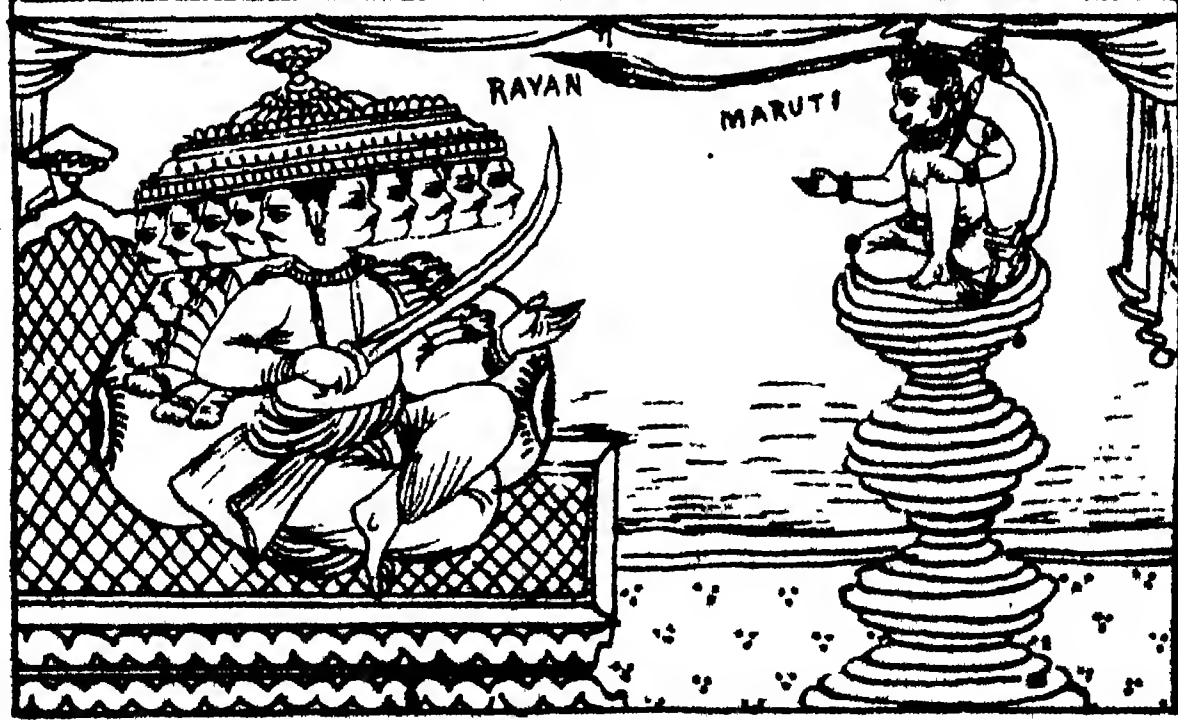
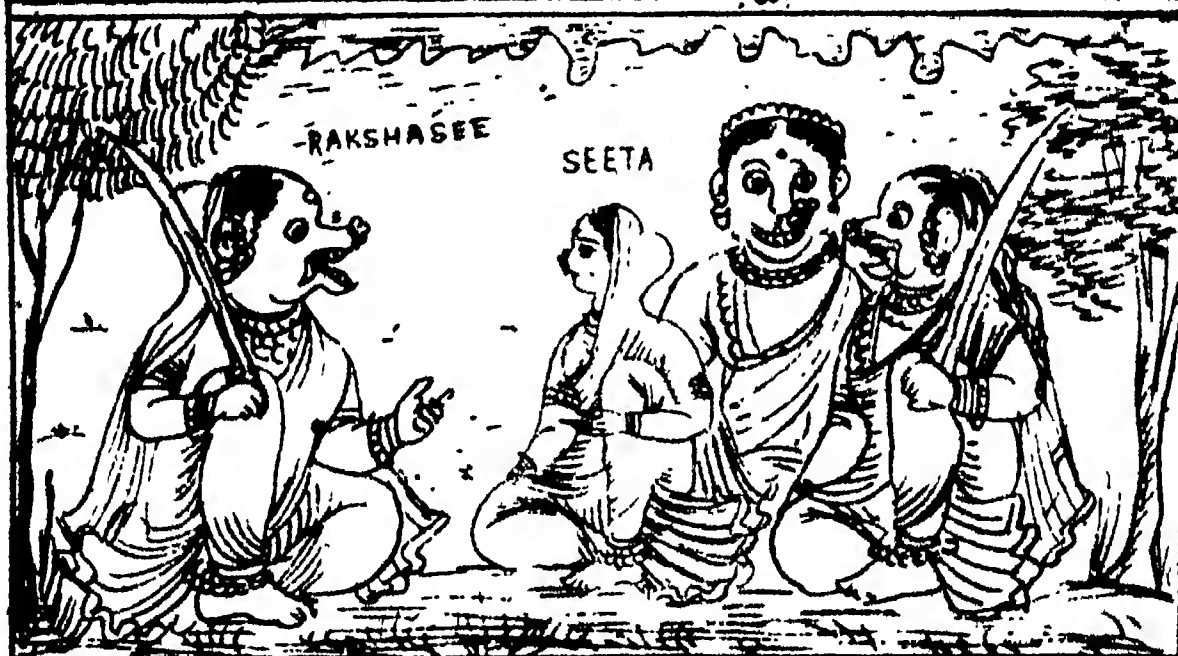
* A garland which, if put round the neck of a warrior, always gives him success in a war.

first and then we shall set out in search of Sita." As soon as Sugriva spoke these words, Rama aimed his arrow, when the former stopped him and said, "Vali is my mortal enemy and will fight with us to his last gasp." Whereupon Rama asked him the cause of the enmity with his brother. "Dudhumbi, son of the demon, Maishasur," continued Sugriva, "was very powerful, and oppressed the gods in heaven and the people on earth. Nobody could fight with him. At last the demon went to Yama and challenged him to fight with him. Yama said, 'I cannot fight with you. I, therefore, tell you to go to Vali at Kiskinda and he will fight with you to your satisfaction.' The demon immediately came to Kiskinda and challenged Vali to fight with him, when the latter killed the former and threw his body on the hills called Rishimukha Parwat. All the Rishis on the hills were killed by the weight of the corpse, when a Rishi called Matang cursed Vali, saying that if the latter touched the hills, he would instantly die. Mayasur, son of Dudhunbi, came to avenge the death of his father but he fled to patal through a cave, when Vali gave him blows. Vali persecuted him, having posted me at the mouth of it. For many months he did not return, though I was at the cave all the time watching it. During this time demi-gods entered Kiskinda and sought to take possession of it. I, therefore, placed a mountain at the mouth of the cave and drove all the demi-gods from the kingdom. Vali did not return to Kiskinda for twenty months, and from this fact all concluded that he was no more

Whereupon the people of Kiskinda proclaimed me as their king against my wishes. In the mean-time, Vali returned to the cave with the head of Mayasur and, having seen the mouth of it blocked up, he was alarmed on account of me. He immediately removed the mountain and directly came to Kiskinda. As soon as he saw me on the throne, he, boiled with rage, said, 'You block'd up the mouth of the cave with a view to kill me and take my kingdom.' So saying he attacked me but with the assistance of Nala, Nila, Jambuvant and Maruti I escaped and made my abode on these hills, because he would not come here for fear of the curse." Sugriva then showed the body of Dudhuni to Rama, who threw it at a distance with his toe. "Now do one thing," said Rama, "Just go and challenge Vali to fight with you." Sugriva accordingly went to Kiskinda and challenged him to fight with him, when Tara said to her husband, "I implore you not to meet Sugriva to-day. He comes to fight with you every six months but he has now come to combat with you three days after the battle you have just now fought with him. I think Rama and Lakshman have promised to help him. I, therefore, pray that you will not go to fight with Sugriva to-day." "That will not do," replied Vali, "I must fight with him and cut off his head. If I am killed in the fight, Angada will protect you." So saying Vali went and attacked Sugriva, when Rama killed the former with one arrow. Tara, his wife, violently cried over the body of her husband, when Rama consoled her and advised her to marry

Sugriva. At first she hesitated ; but soon after, she married him. Sugriva began to rule and forgot all about Rama in his luxury. Rama sent Lakshuman to Kiskinda. Maruti said to Sugriva, " It is a bad thing that you have forgot Rama and left him alone in the forest. There Lakshuman stands at the door of your palace. Take care he will kill us all." Sugriva was alarmed and, having thrown himself at his feet with his wives and other monkeys, implored the pardon of Rama. He then came with all his monkeys to Rama to help him in recovering his wife, Sita. Rama put his ring on one of the fingers of Maruti as a mark from him. All the monkeys set out in search of Sita. On their way they came across a forest and could not proceed further, as they were be-wildered there. This forest was cursed by a Rishi, called Dandaka, saying that those who entered it, would remain there be-wildered. The Rishi cursed the forest, because his infant son was devoured by the goddess of the forest. The infant son became a demon and devoured all persons and creatures that went into the forest. Angada, son of Vali, killed the demon ; and as soon as he was killed, he was restored to his former form. All the monkeys escaped unhurt, as they were repeating the name of Rama all the time in the forest. They left the forest and, having searched Sita at several places in vain, at last came to a very large cave. The monkeys entered the cave but they all fainted owing to suffocation. Maruti lifted them with his tail and came out of the cave to a place where there was a beautiful garden. All the monkeys

climbed the trees in the garden, laden with fruits, but they could not get a single fruit to eat. A mare, called Suprabha, came where the monkeys were standing. Maruti asked her who created the garden, when the mare replied, "Brahmadev was pleased with Mayasur, a demon, and, having created the cave for him, said, 'I have created this cave for you. I require you to be always in it and not to leave it under any circumstances; and if you come out of the cave, you will instantly die.' While in the cave the demon always prayed to Vishnu for the protection of the demons on earth. Indra was alarmed and implored Bramhadev to get the demon out of the cave. To get him out of the cave the god created a very beautiful damsel called Hema and sent her in the cave. The demon looked at her and was captivated with her charms. Finding that the demon was very much taken with her, she came out of the cave, and he followed her, forgetting what Bramhadev had told him. As soon as he came out of the cave, he instantly died. After the death of the demon, Hema was in the possession of the cave and garden, and soon left for the kingdom of Vishnu, placing me here in this form to watch it. Hema told me that when monkeys would come into this garden, I would be restored to my former form." Maruti said to her, "We have eaten fruits to our hearts' content and we must now leave this place as soon as possible. We cannot see the way to the cave through which we had come here. Will you, therefore, be kind enough to show it to us?" Whereupon Suprabha told all of



of the monkeys to shut their eyes; and in a second they were all on a sea-shore. She was restored to her former state and, visiting Rama, went to her husband.

The monkeys were very anxious to cross the sea and go to Lanka, but they were unable to do so. However, Maruti, repeating the name of Rama, crossed the sea; but on the way he met with several accidents. The gods sent a huge woman to devour him. She opened her mouth and stood in his way. He passed through her mouth and proceeded further. In the mean-time, the sea sent a mountain to block up his way. The mountain said to him, "Good creature! Why are you not going to take rest on my bosom?" At these words Maruti got enraged and pressed down the mountain. A little further on a frightful demoness, Shihika, who was mother of Rahu and Ketu, swallowed him up; but he tore her belly and came out. At last he arrived at upper Lanka, when the goddess of the place caught hold of his legs and knocked him down. He got up and gave her mortal blows, when she implored him to spare her life. He having granted her request, she blessed him, saying that he would be successful in his undertaking. He then came to lower Lanka, called Padalanka. Krocha, the youngest sister of Ravana, whose husband, Gargar, was killed by Indra, lived there. As soon as she was informed of his arrival there, she went with a number of demons and demonesses to catch him, when he took a small and beautiful form. Krocha said to the demons and demonesses, "This is a very good and pretty animal.

Let me have it for my break-fast. Just kill it and cook it for me." "My body," replied he, "is full of water, and if you order me to be cooked for your break-fast, you will get nothing. I, therefore, tell you to swallow me up, so that you may have a delicious taste." Krocha accordingly swallowed up Maruti, who entered her heart and pulled off her flesh. The demoness tossed about with pain. Her companions gave her medicine consisting of the dung of a hog, but the monkey was so disgusted with the dirt that he let out his tail through her nose and ears. All the demons and demonesses believed that the tail was a disease and began to pull it, when Maruti, having torn her belly, came out and threw all the demons and demonesses into the sea. From lower Lanka he went again to upper Lanka; and at the sunset he entered Nikumbala, a county in Lanka, where Indrajit, the eldest son of Ravana, lived with his family. He went into the palace of the demon-prince and saw him with his beautiful wife, Sulochana, there. Maruti said to himself, "No doubt this is Sita, and she has fallen in love with this wicked demon." So saying to himself he was about to kill both of them but, in the mean-time, she said to her husband, "Just think for a moment. Is it not a bad thing that your father has unjustly brought Sita here? If she is not restored to her husband, a great calamity will befall him." Having heard this conversation, Maruti was convinced that she was not Sita, and went to the palace of Vibhishan, the youngest brother of Ravana, where he was much pleased, because the demon was the devotee

of Rama, and every thing there was clean. He also saw there an idol of Rama, which Vibhishan worshipped every day. Thence he went to the palace of Kunbhakarna, where he was in deep sleep snorting all the time. Maruti was disgusted with the sight of the heaps of bones and flesh of human beings and animals scattered around his palace. When he failed to find Sita there and at other places, he was enraged; and, assuming an invisible form, he began to trouble the demons and demonesses of Lanka in various ways. When they carried water in their pots, he broke them with his tail. He dashed to pieces the chariots of the princes who happened to drive in the streets. One day a barber began to shave the beard of Ravana, when Maruti stood behind him in an invisible form and thrust his tail in the nose of the former. The barber was startled; and in confusion he shaved the mustaches of Ravana. Ravana got angry and slapped the barber on the face, when the monkey also gave a slap to the demon-king. Maruti pulled down the houses of the demons with his tail, while their families were asleep. One day in a minute he extinguished all the lamps in Lanka, and consequently all of a sudden were in confusion and alarm. The inhabitants of Lanka said to themselves, "Sita, whom Ravana has brought here, has created the devil to annoy and trouble us." Maruti then entered the palace of Ravana, when he and his wife, Mandodari, were fast asleep. On beholding Mandodari, Maruti thought that she was Sita and that she fell in love with the demon-king. He got much en-

raged, and was about to carry them where Rama sojourned with Lakshuman. But, in the mean-time, Mandodari was awakened in alarm and said to her husband, "I have dreamt a dream which indicates that you and Indrajit will be killed, that the Asoka forest will be destroyed, and that Lanka will be burnt, because you have unjustly brought Sita here. I, therefore, implore you to restore her to her husband." "You need not be afraid of it in the least," replied Ravana. "I have posted five crores of the demons and demonesses to watch the Asoka forest, and they will not allow Rama to kill us and destroy the forest." So saying Ravana despatched his servant to the Asoka forest to see whether Sita was there. Maruti accompanied the servant in an invisible form. He saw Sita sitting under the shade of a tree. The servant returned to Ravana and Maruti remained in the Asoka forest. The monkey was exceedingly glad, when he found Sita, and threw before her the ring which Rama had put on his finger. She looked at the ring and asked it with tears in her eyes, "Ring? Where have you come from? How is my Rama? Is he safe?" While Sita was thus asking the ring, the demonesses came there and told her to keep quiet, saying that if she did not listen to them, they would devour her, when Maruti, by his tail, tied all of them together and flung them down. Many of them died and some fled. He then began to sing, which was so pleasing to her ears that she was very anxious to see who that creature was. She called the creature several times but nobody res-

ponded to her call. She was disappointed, and prepared herself to commit suicide, when the monkey came and stood before her. She asked him, "Who are you? What is your name and where have you come from?" "I am a servant of Rama, and have come here in search of you," replied Maruti. "Your Rama is well and has come to Kiskinda for you. He will shortly take you from this place. You need not be afraid of me. I am not a demon. I am son of the wind, and my name is Maruti." "Besides that ring," continued Sita, "have you got any other proof from Rama that you are his servant?" Whereupon he recapitulated all the calamities that had befallen her; and she was thereby convinced that he was her husband's servant. "I should have annihilated Lanka in a moment and taken you to Kiskinda," said Maruti, "but Rama did not order me to do so. I am very hungry. Will you, therefore, allow me to take fruits from the trees in the forest for my break-fast?" "It is not in my power to allow you to take fruits from this place," replied Sita, "and if you forcibly take them, the demons and demonesses will kill you. I however tell you to gather for your breakfast the fruits that have fallen down and not to take them from the trees with your hands and feet." "I swear that I shall not take any fruits from the trees with my hands and feet," said Maruti, "I shall take the fruits which have fallen on the ground." So saying he extended his tail in length and plucked all fruits with it; and after a few minutes he destroyed the whole of the Asoka forest.

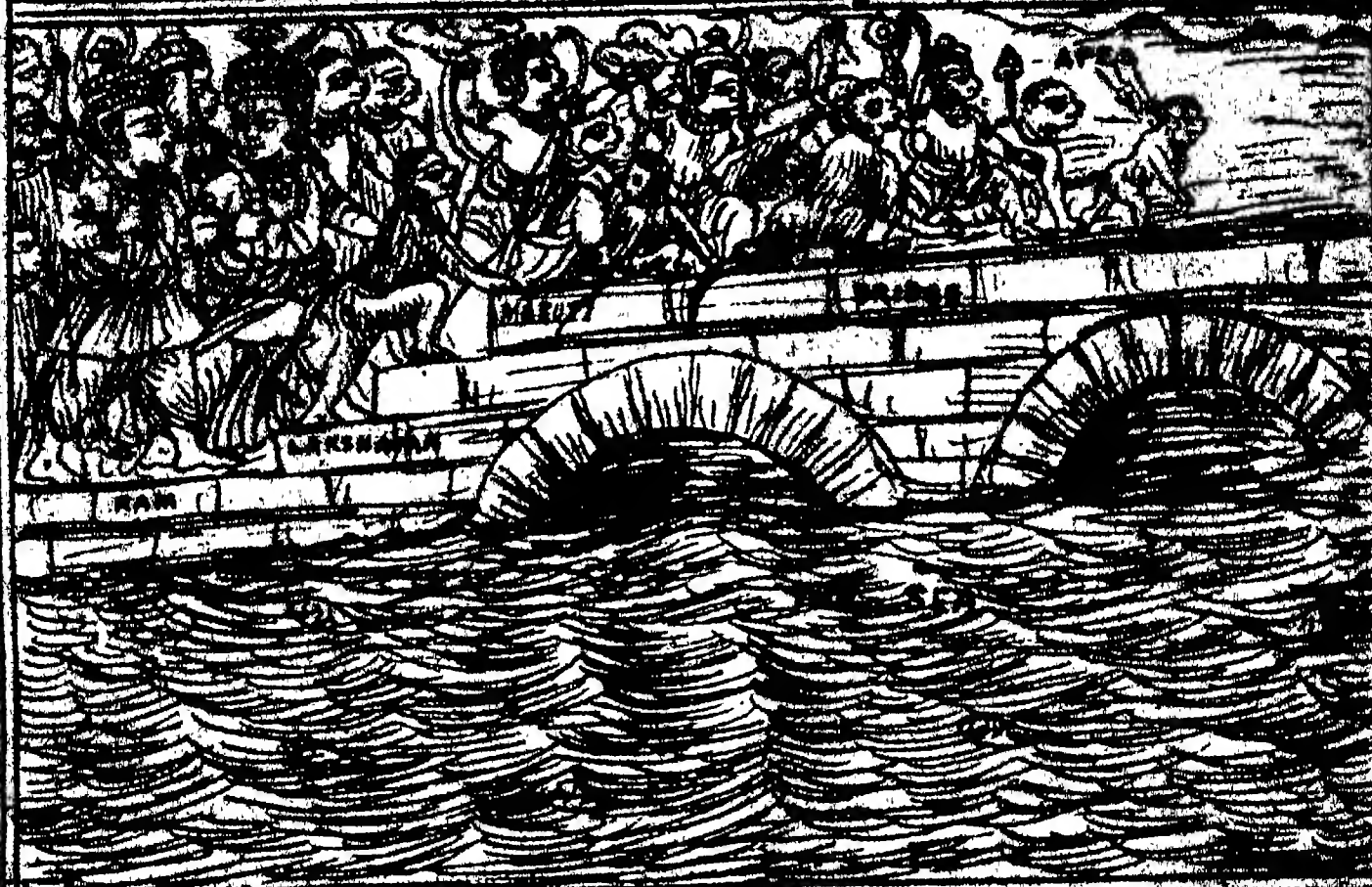
The sixty crores of the demons, who were watching the forest, at once came upon him ; but he tied them all with his tail and flung them down. Some died and some fled. Hearing this news Ravana sent eighty thousand demons to catch the monkey, but the latter tied them with his tail and killed them all. Ravana was greatly enraged, and sent one lac of warriors whom the monkey threw into the sea with his tail. The demon-king then sent his son, Akshaya, with a large army ; but he was also killed with his other sons. Immediately after, he despatched a frightful demoness, called Asali, who was of the strenght of ten thousand elephants. She opened her hideous mouth one yojan in length and breadth and devoured the monkey, but the latter tore her belly and came out. At last Ravana sent his son, Indrajit, with a large army of demons. He let off his arrows at Maruti, which the latter broke with his hands in no time. The monkey pulled off his mugut with his tail, broke his chariot and killed his horse. He took up an iron bar and went killing the demons with it, when Indrajit attempted to catch him in a snare but the monkey became as small as an atom and escaped through it every time the prince put it upon him. Whereupon Indrajit made a snare with a small noose and put it upon him, when he assumed a large form and broke the snare. When the prince failed in catching him in the snare, he combated with the monkey, but the latter flung him down on the ground. The prince was alarmed and said to himself that if he was seized by

the monkey and carried to Rama, he would be cruelly treated. So saying he hid himself in a cave, when Maruti blocked up the mouth of it with a mountain. Indrajit cried and wept. Ravana, having been acquainted with this news, imploringly said to Bramhadev, "You see, Indrajit is in difficulty. If you personally go there, you will be able to insnare the monkey. I, therefore, beseech you to do the work for me." Whereupon Bramhadev went near the cave, when Indrajit hung his head down with shame and said, "Unless you catch hold of the monkey, I can not venture to come out of the cave." Whereupon Bramhadev put upon Maruti the *Bramha pasa*,* which the latter could have broken in a minute, but he allowed himself to be caught in it and carried to the court of Ravana. Indrajit went and vainly told his father that it was he who caught the monkey. Maruti made a coil of his tail higher than the throne of Ravana and sat upon it. The demon-king indignantly asked, "Who are you and whose servant you are?" "You are," replied Maruti, "a great rogue. Do you know who I am? I am a servant of that prince who saved your life at the court of Janak and cut off the nose of your sister. You are a great villain. You have carried off his wife, Sita. I am sent by my master to ascertain whether she is here. My master will shortly invade Lanka and, cutting off your ten faces, will return to Ayodya with Sita." At these words

A complicated snare.

Ravana was greatly insulted and ordered the demons to cut off the tongue, nose, ears and tail of the monkey. In obedience to the order of the king all the demons brought weapons of various sorts and began to pierce him with them but nothing could be done to him, as his body was made of *vajara*.* Ravana was alarmed and did not know what to do. At last he asked the monkey by what means he would die. "I am immortal," replied Maruti, "but if you cover my tail with cloth soaked in oil and set fire to it, I shall be immediately burnt to death. Do not leave any part of my tail uncovered, and if you do so, nothing can be done to me." Whereupon Ravana ordered his servants to cover his tail with cloth. All the demons accordingly brought innumerable heaps of cloth soaked in oil and began to cover the tail of the monkey but the more they covered the tail, the more he extended it in length; and consequently a part of it remained uncovered. All cloth in Lanka was finished and oil exhausted. At last Ravana ordered his servants to go to the Asoka forest and get the dress of Sita, when Maruti shortened his tail and allowed it to be entirely covered. The demons then began to set fire to the tail but they failed to light it. Maruti said, "If Ravana will blow the fire himself, it will catch my tail; and I shall be immediately burnt to death." Ravana accordingly blew the fire and the tail of the monkey was lighted. Whilst he was blowing the fire,

* A diamond.



it caught his beard ; and his mustaches on one side were entirely burnt. He covered his face and retired to his chamber. Maruti rolled on the ground and his tail burnt with the fire. He went and burnt the beards and mustaches of the demons and the hair of the demonesses with his tail. He burnt many of them to death, and in a short time one-third part of Lanka was on fire. After burning Lanka the monkey went to the Asoka forest and assured Sita that her husband would take her very soon. Thence he returned to Rama at the Pampa Sarovar with her ornament as a mark from her and a letter from Bramhadev to the prince stating what the monkey had done in Lanka and that one-third of the country burnt by him, had become gold. Rama and Lakshuman were very glad to read the contents of the letter and expressed their thanks to Maruti for the trouble he had taken for them. The story of how Lanka had become gold is as follows :—

“Two Brahmans, who were brothers, always quarrelled about the *dakshana** they had got from their patrons. Their father became indignant at their conduct and cursed them, saying that they would be animals, but that the god, Krishna, would release them from the curse. One brother was changed into a *nakrat* and another into a *gajandra*.† The *nakra* lived in the water and the *gajandra* on a mountain. One day the *gajandra* accidentally came to the lake in which the *nakra* lived ; and whilst drinking the water,

* A present in hard cash.

† A crocodile.

‡. An elephant.

the latter dragged the former in the lake. A severe fighting took place between them. The nakra severely wounded the gajandra and was about to kill him, when the latter prayed to Krishna for help. The god, listening to his prayer, rode on *Garuda** and hastened to the lake. Finding that his devotee, the gajandra, was wounded by the nakra, Krishna killed the crocodile and released him and the elephant from the curse. After releasing them from the curse Krishna prepared himself to return to Dwarka, when Garuda said to him, 'I am very hungry. Please, therefore, give me something to eat.' 'I shall postpone my departure for an hour or so,' replied Krishna, 'and in the mean-time, you can eat the corpses of the nakra and gajandra.' Whereupon Garuda went and picked up the corpses with his bill and sat on a tree called Jambuvraksha for the purpose of eating them. But the branch of the tree on which he had sat, was broken by his weight, when he observed that millions of Rishis sat in meditation on the leaves of the branch. In order that the branch might not fall on the ground and kill the Rishis, he held the branch in his bill; and not knowing where to keep it, he went to his father, Kasyapa, a Rishi, with the branch in his bill and informed him of his difficulty. Whereupon Kasyapa requested the Rishis to come down, and they complied with his request. He then told Garuda to go and throw the branch on the mountain at Lanka. Garuda accordingly did it and went

* An eagle called Garuda on which Krishna always rode.

away. The branch remained on the mountain and was converted into gold ; and when Maruti burnt Lanka, it was melted by the heat, and the liquid over-flowed the part of Lanka which was burnt by the monkey."

Soon after, Rama and Lakshuman made preparations for march against Ravana ; and on the day of *Dasara** they set out with eighteen *padmas*† of monkeys, seventy-two *kotis*‡ of warriors under the command of an old monkey, Janbuvant, and fifty-six *kotis* of other monkeys. When they arrived at the sea which Maruti had first crossed, they encamped there, there being no way to proceed further. The news of the war having spread through-out in Lanka, Vibhishan, the youngest brother of the demon-king, entreated him to restore Sita to her husband, and set all the gods at liberty. He said, "If you do not listen to me, the whole of Lanka will be annihilated and all the demons destroyed." Ravana and his son, Indrajit, replied, "We do not care at all about it. Let Rama and all the monkeys come upon us, we shall kill them all in a second." Having failed to persuade the demon-king to restore Sita to Rama, Vibhishan, accom-

* "This festival is held on the 10th of Aswin Shukl. It is called Durga Puja. On this day, in commemoration of the victory of Devi, the wife of Siva, over the buffalo-headed demon, Maheshasur,— her image, after having been worshipped for nine days, is thrown into the water. On this day Marathas and Kshatriyas, or those who consider themselves of the military race, worship the implements of war and ask protection of them through-out the year, under a conception that to the propitiousness of the sword they owe every prosperity."

† Ten billions are equal to one padma.

‡ One koti is equal to ten millions.

panied by four demons, came where the monkeys had encamped and sought to visit the prince. The monkeys were about to kill the demons, when Vibhishan said, "I am the youngest brother of Ravana and have come here to see Rama. I hear that he killed Vali and gave his kingdom to Sugriva. In like manner, I want him to kill Ravana and give his Lanka to me. He is wicked, and has oppressed both the gods and Brahmans." The monkeys looked upon him with suspicion and did not believe at first what he had said. But this having been communicated to Maruti, he said, "Vibhishan is not a wicked demon. He is a devotee of Rama, and has come here with some good motive." Whereupon Rama desired the monkeys to allow Vibhishan to see him. Sugriva went and brought him to Rama. The demon fell at the feet of the prince, when the latter blessed the former, saying that he would be the king of Lanka and reign there as long as the sun and the moon last. Rama asked him what he should do to cross the sea with his large army of monkeys, when Vibhishan replied, "Pray to the sea, and he may make way for you and your army." After Rama had gone to pray to the sea, Vibhishan returned to Lanka. Ravana was informed by a demon called Shardula, that a large army of monkeys under the command of Sugriva had encamped near the shore of the sea and that they would invade Lanka in a day or two. Whereupon a demon called Shuka came to Sugriva on behalf of Ravana and said to him, "Rama is a wicked man, and why do you help him? What have you to do with Sita? Quietly return home with your

army. If you do not listen to me, the heads of all your monkeys will be cut off; and you, Rama and Lakshuman will be killed." The monkeys were enraged at what the demon had said and beat him severely, when Lakshuman interfered and let him go. The demon again said, "You all are stupid donkeys and will be shortly sacrificed here." Rashabha, a monkey, replied, "Just tell Ravana to restore Sita to Rama; and if he refuses to do so, his neck will be cut off with his ten heads." "Hold your tongue," said Shuka, "Sita will never be restored to Rama. I again tell you to leave the prince alone here; and if you do not listen to me, your days are numbered." The monkeys again caught him by his neck and, having belabored him, bound him with a cord.

Rama prayed to the sea for three days without eating a morsel of food; but the sea was so impertinent that he did not listen to his prayer, when the prince got indignant and aimed his dhanushaban to dry up the sea. The sea was alarmed and said, "Kindly forgive me and do not dry me up. I am ready to do what you bid me do." "Very well," replied Rama, "but what shall I do with this dhanushaban? It must be at any rate let off according to my solemn resolution which cannot be changed under any circumstances." "There lives in the west a demon" called Maru, continued the sea. "He devours all creatures in the water. Please, therefore, let off the arrow at him and cut off his head." Rama accordingly discharged the arrow at him and cut off his head. When the head fell on the

ground, it drank off a sheet of the sea-water in the west and thereby a tract of land, which is now called Marwad, was formed. The sea regarded Rama as his son-in-law and presented him with a dress and ornaments, which he accepted at the request of the monkeys ; and when he wore them, he looked very beautiful. Rama asked the sea what means he should adopt to cross the water with so many monkeys, when he said, " You can have a *shetu** built over me. Let it be built by Nala with stones and mountains which will float on the surface of the water only by his hands. When Nala was young, he always worshipped *shabigramst* and threw them into the sea-water. A Rishi was pleased with him and blessed him, saying that by his hands stones and mountains would float on the water." So saying to Rama, the sea disappeared. Immediately after, Rama called Nala and said to him, " To cross the sea a *shetu* must be built by you of stones and mountains, which will float on the water by your hands only. I, therefore, beg you to order all the monkeys to procure stones and mountains and lay them by your hands in the water." Nala was puffed up with pride and said to himself that the *shetu* could not be built without him. So saying Nala ordered the monkeys to get stones and mountains which the latter brought and gave in charge of the former. Nala built a portion of the *shetu*, but the fishes in the sea ate it. He again built it but the fishes again ate it. He was at a loss to know

* A bridge or pool.

† A black stone found in the river, Gadanki, and worshipped as

what to do, when Maruti said to him, "Pride goeth before destruction. You thought that the bridge could not be built without you. What do you say now? Leave off your pride and be humble. Now write the name of Rama on each stone and lay it in the water; and if you do this, you will be able to build the shetu within a short time. Nala did it as directed by Maruti; and the shetu was built one hundred yojans in length and breadth so far as Suvela without any difficulty. After the shetu was completed, Rama crossed it with his army and came to Suvela, where he encamped.

Rama set Shuka at liberty, who went to Ravana and informed him of what had happened to him and how they had built the shetu. He requested the demon-king to submit to the prince and restore Sita to him. Ravana got very indignant and said, "You are alarmed, because they beat you. If you advise me that way again, I shall at once cut off your head." Soon after, Ravana sent two demons, Shuka and Surna, to Suvela to ascertain the strength of the army of Rama. The two demons in the forms of monkeys mixed themselves with the monkeys belonging to the army of the prince. Vibhishan informed Rama that the demons had come to Suvela in the forms of monkeys to ascertain the strength of his forces. Whereupon Rama ordered the monkeys to allow the demons to count their numbers. The two demons were accordingly taken round the whole army. They, having viewed it, returned to Lanka and said to the demon-king, "Rama has got a large army of monkeys, and it will be very

difficult for you to defeat them. We, therefore, implore you to submit to Rama and restore Sita to him." Ravana was enraged and threatened them that he would cut off their heads, if they advised him that way. He then, accompanied by the two demons, went to the top of his tower to see the army of Rama. Vibhishan came and informed the prince that the demon-king had gone to his tower to survey his forces, and while he was there, Sugriva jumped from Suvela, which was at a distance of hundreds of miles from Lanka, and returned to his camp with the mugut of Ravana. The demon-king was alarmed, and immediately came downstairs. A few days after, he said to his courtiers, "I have now no patience. I must marry Sita as soon as possible. If any of you make her love me and marry me, I shall be ever grateful to him." Whereupon his minister, Vidynjiva, who was well versed in magic and sorcery, replied, "I shall create, by means of sorcery, a head well cut off and similar to that of Rama and also a dhanushaban and show them to Sita, so that she may be convinced that her husband has been killed. If she is convinced, of it, she will become hopeless and easily love you and marry you." "I am very much thankful to you for your excellent scheme," replied Ravana. "There is no doubt you will succeed in it." Vidynjiva engaged himself in creating the head of Rama and his dhanushaban and Ravana came to the Asoka forest and said to Sita, "I am very sorry to inform you that your darling husband is killed and that his brother, Lakshuman, has fled to Ayodya. Maruti,



Sugriva, Nala, Nila, Angada and all other warriors are also killed. You are alone here, what can you do now? You are helpless. I, therefore, beseech you to marry me. You shall be my first wife and Mandodari will be your maid-servant. Alas! Sita, Rama is no more. Believe me. If you want any proof of what I say, here is the head of your Rama cut off by a demon, and here is his dhanushaban." As soon as Sita beheld the head of Rama and his dhanushaban, she fainted. In her grief she said to Ravana. "I look upon you as my father and implore you to order a pile of wood to be arranged, so that I may set fire to it and burn myself in it. I do not wish to live any longer in this world." As soon as he heard these words, he returned to his court, leaving Sita alone there. In the mean-time, Sharma, wife of Vibhishan, came to the Asoka forest and informed her that Rama was doing well and that the head, which was shown to her, was created by the demons by means of sorcery to make her give up her hope of Rama and marry Ravana. No sooner did Sharma inform Sita of this, than the head cut off, and the dhanushaban which was left there, disappeared. Soon after, the demon-king said to his wife, "Mandodari, you are my faithful wife and love me much, I have a great passion for Sita; and if you do not help me, I shall die. If you really love me, go to Sita in the Asoka forest and persuade her to marry me." Whereupon Mandodari went to Sita and, having communicated her husband's wishes to her, returned home. She said to her husband, "Dearest, Sita is not a

woman who will comply with your wishes. She is a paragon of virtue. She will sacrifice her life rather than yield to your passion. There is no use of your being after her. I, therefore, beseech you to restore her to Rama. Why do you covet another's wife?" "My love," replied Ravana, "What you say is true, but I shall never submit to Rama and humiliate myself in the eyes of all nations. I shall fight with him and die but I shall never restore Sita to him." Having failed to persuade her husband, she returned to her palace. Ravana again went to the top of his tower with his courtiers and began to survey the army of Rama. Rama also went to the top of a hill with Sugriva and other monkeys and began to survey Ravana and his courtiers. Whilst Ravana was surveying the army of the prince, Sugriva jumped from the hill and knocked down the muguts on his ten heads. The demon-king was surprised and combated with the monkey but the latter, having administered to him severe blows, returned to Rama with joy. Ravana was alarmed, and immediately came down with shame and confusion. After all preparations for the war were completed on both the sides, Vibhishan said to Rama, "Before an attack is made on Ravana, it is advisable to negotiate with him for peace. You should, therefore, send an ambassador to his court and request him to restore Sita to you." Rama accordingly sent Angada to the court of Ravana but no-body noticed him there. The monkey was, therefore, irritated and said to the demon-king, "Ravana, do you know who I am?" "Who

are you and what is your name," Ravana indignantly asked. "I am a servant of Rama," continued Angada, "and my name is Angada. I am son of Vali. I have come here to negotiate with you for peace." "I shall never make peace with Rama," replied Ravana. "I tell you once more to make peace with Rama," said Angada, "and restore Sita to him. If you refuse to listen to me, you will lose your life and every thing in Lanka. He is very powerful, and you can do nothing to him." "You are a shameless creature," Ravana indignantly replied, "You know very well that Rama has killed your father and, instead of revenging yourself upon the enemy you have now come to help him. You are a great donkey." "No doubt, Rama killed my father," said Angada, "but by his arrow he has gone to heaven where he now enjoys ever-lasting happiness." Ravana was furious, and ordered four demons to bind Angada. Whereupon the demons firmly held him by his arms, when the monkey struck the chest of Ravana with his tail and jumped in the sky with his muguts, chatra and *mandap** and returned to Suvela. The four demons, with whom the monkey had jumped in the sky, hung upon his shoulders with their heads downwards, and were killed by a fall on the ground.

The negotiations for peace having fallen through, Susen marched against Lanka with twenty kotis of monkey-soldiers and fought with the troops of Ravana under the command of Dhamaraksha. Susen routed

* A pavalion.

and defeated them all, and their commander was killed by Maruti with blows. The news of the defeat having spread throughout Lanka, the demon-king, boiled with rage, sent the demons, called Vazra Dausti and Sukpana, with a number of demon-soldiers, but they were also defeated with heavy loss. Ravana was alarmed and did not know what to do. But, in the mean-time, his son, Indrajit, took the field himself with the warriors, Janbumali and Vidyaman and let off arrows at the army of Rama which the latter cut up and killed the two warriors. Whereupon Indrajit immediately jumped with his chariot in the sky, where he hid himself in the clouds and let off serpent-weapons at the army of Rama, which produced innumerable serpents. These serpents stung Rama and Lakshuman and all their soldiers; and consequently they all fell lifeless in the field, except Maruti and Vibhishan, who were immortal. Indrajit, having thus defeated Rama, returned to Lanka with a great success. The demon-king was mightily pleased at this success and said to his sister, Trijata, "Sister? Look at the valor of our Indrajit. How has he fought and how has he defeated the army of Rama? You know, nobody on earth can conquer us. Now what I want you to do, is that you should now go to Sita and inform her of all that had happened. Show her Rama, Lakshuman and their soldiers lying lifeless in the field and tell her that she is now helpless and I am the only one who can support her. Tell her all this and persuade her to marry me. O! sister, I like her much." Trijata ac-

cordingly showed to Sita Rama, Lakshuman and the monkey soldiers lying lifeless in the field and told her all that Ravana had said. Sita, having seen her beloved Rama and Lakshuman, violently cried and became hopeless. Maruti and Vibhishan consulted together as to what remedy they should do to resuscitate the princes and their army, but before they arrived at a certain conclusion, the wind had come and whispered to Rama a garuda mantra which produced garudas or eagles. These garudas killed all the serpents and resuscitated Rama, Lakshuman and their army. The fighting was again renewed by the monkeys, when Pravasta, the minister of Ravana, bravely fought with them and killed many of them. Whereupon Nala threw at the minister one lac of mountains which the latter broke in no time and continued the fighting. But after a hot battle Pravasta was killed by Nala with a tree called Tada, 100 yojans in length. At this defeat Ravana was greatly enraged and prepared himself to fight with the enemies, when his wife, Mandodari, said to him, "My dearest, you should now give up the idea of your fighting with Rama any longer. Why do you want the wife of another? My love, just restore her to her husband, so that every thing may end in peace and tranquility." "My darling," Ravana laughingly replied, "I am ready to do any thing for you but please do not tell me to restore Sita to Rama. I am prepared to fight with him and kill him with all his army." Ravana having refused to listen to her, she returned to her palace. Immediately after, the demon-

king took the field himself with his sons, grand-sons, great grand-sons and a large number of warriors and soldiers and commenced operations, when Sugriva threw a large mountain at him, which the latter broke with his arrows. Whereupon all the monkeys rushed upon him with mountains, large trees, rocks and other weapons but he also broke them with his arrows. Maruti then threw a very large rock at the demon-king which the latter broke with his arrows and gave blows to the former. Maruti fainted for some time and, having soon come to himself, returned the blows to him and knocked down his muguts and the chatras over his ten heads. Ravana was not in the least alarmed and continued the fighting. Whereupon Nala produced by a mantra innumerable Nalas like himself and employed them to throw mountains, trees and rocks at the demon-king, when the latter let off a *Eramhasra** and made them all disappear in a second. Lakshuman then let off a *Bramhaskti** at Ravana, which was cut up by the latter into two parts. One part of it fell on the ground and with another Lakshuman was struck; and consequently he fainted. Maruti was greatly enraged at this time and gave Ravana blows, which made him vomit blood and return to Lanka. When the demon-king was thus defeated, he sent his demon-subjects to arouse his brother, Kumbhakarna, from his fast sleep. The demons went and shook him but he was not awakened. Whereupon they threw rocks and moun-

* A weapon.

tains at him, pierced him with sharp weapons, and scratched him with their nails, but nothing could arouse him from his sleep. He was snorting with a great noise and drew in and sent out with his inspiration and respiration the demons, bullocks, cows, elephants and other animals that came before him. At last the demons brought two nymphs and made them sing before him. By their melodious voice he was aroused; and as he was hungry for six months, he at once devoured billions of bullocks, she-buffaloes, Brahmans, cows and even demons, and drank off gallons of liquor and *ghee**. After his hunger was appeased, the demons informed him of what had happened to his brother, Ravana, his kingdom and subjects. Whereupon Kumbhakarna immediately stood on his legs and began to walk towards the palace of his brother. The monkeys, looking at the huge size of the demon, were greatly disheartened but Maruti went to him and lifted him thrice in order that they might not be afraid of him. Kumbhakarna reached the palace of Ravana and stood before him, when the latter said to him, "Brother? I am now in difficulty. I have brought Sita, the wife of Rama, as I wish to marry her. In order to recover her from me Rama has come here with a great number of monkey-soldiers. They have killed good many demons and destroyed nearly the whole of Lanka. It is now your duty to help me." "It is not good ~~that~~ you have deprived the helpless woman, Sita, of her hus-

* Clarified butter,

band," replied Kumbhakarna. "It is a great sin that one should covet another's wife. You ought to have restored her to her husband. But as you have brought her here at the risk of your life, have you fulfilled your wishes. If not, change yourself into Rama and go to her." "That cannot be done," replied Ravana, "because if I become Rama, all his virtues will reign in me and prevent me from doing any wicked act. Unless you kill Rama, I shall not be able to fulfill my wishes." "As you are my brother," said Kumbhakarna, "it is my duty to help you. Have courage. I shall devour all the monkeys in a moment and kill Rama and Lakshuman." Taking his leave of Ravana, Kumbhakarna attacked the army of Rama, when four monkeys, including Sharab and Govaksha flung mountains and rocks at the demon which the latter broke with blows and threw them in the sky. Kumbhakarna devoured a great number of the monkeys but a few of them escaped through his ears and nostrils. Sugriva then threw a mountain at him which the latter broke with one blow and, having held him by his feet, turned him round like a reel. He was about to dash the monkey to pieces, when the latter escaped from his clutches and jumped in the sky. But he, having stretched out his hands in the sky, brought him down and put him into his arms. Sugriva was disgusted at the ~~stink~~ of his arms and, having cut off his nose and ears, once more escaped and jumped in the sky of which Kumbhakarna knew nothing. He was profusely bled and altogether disfigured. Having thought that he



was successful in the war, he walked towards the palace of his brother, Ravana. The latter was ashamed to behold him in that state; and in order to avoid an interview with him he caused his barber to show him a mirror. The barber accordingly held a mirror before the demon in which he beheld his disfigured face and immediately returned to the field with a great rage. Desperate as he was, he devoured many of the monkeys, and attempted to rush upon Rama, when Lakshman let off arrows at him, which he broke with his hands. In the mean-time, Vibhishana went to fight with his brother, when the latter said, "You are a great scoundrel. Do you know who I am? I am your brother. You are treacherous, and have joined our enemies. I should have just killed you on this spot, but as there will be no one left behind us to perform our funeral ceremonies, I spare your life and command you to leave this place immediately. Do not show me your face again." Having heard these words from the mouth of Kumbhakarna, Vibhishan immediately disappeared. Kumbhakarna then rushed upon Rama, when the latter let off arrows at him, but they all were devoured by the demon. Lastly the prince discharged a deadly arrow at him and cut off his hands with it, and, with other arrows, his feet, trunk, and head. On receiving the news of the fall of Kumbhakarna in the field Ravana much grieved for him, when Indrajit came and consoled his father. Immediately after, Atikaya, the second son of ~~Ravana~~ Ravana, with other warriors, bravely attacked the army of Rama, and shot a great number of the monkeys; but at last

Lakshuman killed him with his arrow. Ravana much lamented for him, when Indrajit consoled his father and, having washed his body with the blood of human beings and cows, performed a penance, with which his goddess was pleased, and presented him with a chariot, horses and weapons. He seated himself in that chariot and jumped in the sky ; and having hid himself in the clouds, he let off arrows at the monkeys and killed them all. Even Rama and Lakshuman were struck with his arrows. The demon-prince again returned to Lanka with success. To resuscitate the monkeys Maruti went to get a mountain called Dronagiri, which was full of medicinal plants. For some time he stood at the foot of the mountain entreating him to accompany him to Suvela, the place of the war, and resuscitate the monkeys with his medicinal plants. The mountain said "Be gone. You, fool. I am not expected to accompany you to Suvela. Depart from this place." Maruti got indignant at the insolence of the mountain and, having lifted him up with his tail, brought him to Suvela. By the odour of the medicinal plants on the mountain all the monkeys with Rama and Lakshuman were resuscitated ; and soon after, they entered Lanka and set fire to it. Whereupon Ravana sent the demons, Jang Prachang, Krochen, Nikumbha and others to oppose them and quench the fire. The demons let off a rain-weapon, which produced water and quenched the fire. By his mantra Indrajit then created a female called Kritya and jumped with her in the sky ; and hiding himself behind her back he let off arrows at the monkeys and killed

many of them, when Rama, at the suggestion of the wind, let off the weapon called Angirashtra, which cut off the female. Whereupon Indrajit immediately came down and, having defeated the army of Rama with heavy loss, returned to Lanka with success. The monkeys were alarmed, when Maruti immediately took the field. At this time Indrajit created by his mantras a woman exactly like Sita and, having seated her in his chariot, came to the field and loudly said in the hearing of all the monkeys, "You see, on account of this wretched woman my father has suffered much. If her head is cut off, every thing will end in peace, and there will be no war." So saying he cut off the head of the woman and immediately went to his county, Nikumbala, to perform a penance with a view to get by fire a **divyaratha* with horses and weapons. He entered a solitary place and, posting demons to watch it, began to perform the penance. Indrajit killed for the purpose many Brahmans and cows and, washing his body with their blood, seated himself upon corpses and carcasses, made a *†havan* and offered by the fire to his deity the heads of Brahmans and cows. The deity having been pleased with him, half of the *divyaratha* appeared out of the fire.

Maruti believed that it was Sita whose head was cut off, and communicated the sad news to Rama and Lakshuman, which disheartened and disappointed all. In the mean-time, Vibhishan came and

* A beautiful, fine and charming chariot.

† Oblation by fire to a deity.

informed Rama and the monkeys that Sita was safe in the Asoka forest and that the Sita, whose head was cut off by Indrajit, was created by him with his mantras. He also informed them of the penance and said ; “ Half of the divyaratha has come out of the fire ; and if the whole chariot come out, you will not be able to conquer Indrajit. I, therefore, advise you to go to Nikumbala as soon as possible and destroy the havan, so that the chariot may disappear and not come to the hands of the demon-prince. I also tell you that as soon as you have destroyed the havan, he will be desperate and fight with you ; but no one will be able to kill him, unless he has observed a fast for 12 years.” Listening to what Vibhishan had said Rama made a sign to Lakshuman, who had observed a fast for 14 years, and bade him go with Maruti, Sugriva, and the other monkeys to Nikumbala to destroy the havan and kill Indrajit. Lakshuman accordingly went with them to Nikumbala and destroyed the chariot and havan. The noise of the monkeys aroused Indrajit who was in deep meditation ; and finding that the havan was destroyed he was so furious that he let off at them a rain-weapon, which produced the rain and flowed the army of Lakshuman. The prince discharged a wind-weapon, which produced the wind and dispersed the rain. Indrajit stopped the wind by a mountain-weapon, which produced innumerable mountains, when Lakshuman let off a diamond-weapon which produced diamonds, and broke the mountains. Indrajit let off a fire-weapon, which produced fire and began to burn the army of Lakshuman, when the latter

discharged a sea-weapon, which produced volumes of water and extinguished the fire. Indrajit lastly let off five arrows and struck Lakshuman with them; when Vibhishan threw his **gada* at the demon-prince, who cut it up and struck his uncle with five arrows. At last Lakshuman let off a deadly arrow and broke his head, and his chariot was broken and horses killed by Jambuvant. Indrajit however fought alone on the ground, when all the monkeys threw at him innumerable mountains, rocks, and trees at one and the same time, but he broke them with his arrows in no time. He then jumped in the sky and, hiding himself in the clouds, let off arrows at Lakshuman, when Maruti placed the latter on the palm of his hand and lifted him in the sky, where he fought with Indrajit. Whereupon the demon-prince came down, when Maruti brought Lakshuman on the earth. They fought for some time on the ground but at last Lakshuman cut off with his arrows the thigh, arms and the head of his enemy. One of the arms of the demon-prince, when cut off, was flung in the compound of the palace of his wife, Sulochana, a daughter of Shesha, and the monkeys carried off the head to their camp with exultation. Rama rejoiced at the success and told the monkeys to preserve the head and hand it over to a woman, who would come hither to ask for it. Sulochana came out, and as soon as she identified her husband's arm, she took it up in her hands and lamented over it. She said to the arm

* An iron bar as a weapon.

tears in her eyes, "My love, just let me know how you were killed. If I am faithful to you, let this your arm write a short account of the battle you had fought with Rama." So saying she placed a piece of paper, pen and ink-stand before the arm, which wrote the full account of the battle and informed her that his head was carried off by the monkeys to Suvela. As soon as Sulochana read the account, she grieved much and placed the arm and paper before his father-in-law, Ravana. Ravana read the letter and fainted away, when Mandodari came out and, hearing the sad news of the fall of her brave son, violently cried and wept. Sulochana said "I am going to burn myself with my beloved Indrajit. I, therefore, implore you to get his head back from the monkeys." At the entreaties of his daughter-in-law the demon-king was moved, and pitied her; and at the same time, he was boiled with rage at the monkeys, and exclaimed, "Daughter, I shall get the head back. Rest assured. I will now fight with Rama and never return, unless I kill him." So exclaiming he ordered his courtiers to make preparations for march against the prince, when Mandodari said to Sulochana, "There is no necessity for fighting with Rama. If you go to him alone, he will give the head to you, as he is very kind. Ravana said, "She is helpless, if any body commit outrage upon her." There is not a single monkey with Rama, replied Mandodari, "who will covet another's wife." As soon as Mandodari said these words, he hid his face with shame and confusion and allowed Sulochana to go alone to Suvela. Sulochana came to the camp of the

monkeys, when the latter took her to Rama. She said to the prince, "I am wife of Indrajit and have come hither to carry the head of my husband, as I am going to burn myself with him. I, therefore, implore you to give it to me." "How did you know that the head of your husband was carried off by us," asked the monkeys. Sulochana told them what had happened but the monkeys said to her, "We can not believe what you say. It is impossible that a lifeless arm can write. Here is the head of your husband; and if you were faithful to him, just make it laugh; and then we will be convinced of what you say." Whereupon Sulochana, embracing the head, said, "My love, I am now in difficulty. These monkeys have met here together to judge of my fidelity towards you; and if your head does not laugh, they will look upon me as a vile woman." Sulochana tried her utmost to make the head laugh but it did not listen to her. At last she said, "I made a great mistake. If I had called my father, Shesha, to help you, nothing could have been done to you." As soon as she uttered these words, the head heartily laughed. The monkeys said, "Though Sulochana spoke to the head in so many pathetic words, it did not laugh but as soon as she took the name of Shesha, it heartily laughed. What is this mystery?" asked the monkeys. "Sulochana is the daughter of Shesha," replied Rama, "and Lakshuman is an incarnation of Shesha. The head laughed, because his father-in-law killed his own son-in-law." No sooner did Rama inform the monkeys of this than Lakshuman much

grieved for his son-in-law, Indrajit, when the former pacified and consoled him, saying that he would resuscitate the demon-prince, if he wished him to do so. But at the entreaties of the monkeys Rama did not resuscitate Indrajit. The monkeys then handed the head over to Sulochana, which she took and brought on the sea-shore near Lanka, where she arranged a pile of wood and, having set fire to it, burnt herself with the head. Ravana, who was present there with his family according to the custom, was deeply affected at the sight, and returned home over-whelmed with grief. Ravana was in a confused state of mind, and did not know what to do, when his minister, Vidya, advised him to write a letter to his uncles, Ahiravana and Mahiravana, very powerful demons, who lived in Patal. Whereupon the demon-king, having written to them, called them at his palace and informed them of his misfortune and distress, when they assured him and said, "You need not be alarmed. We shall carry off Rama and Lakshuman to Patal to-day at mid-night and sacrifice them to our goddess." The ministers of Vibhishan over-heard what had passed between Ravana and the demons and communicated it to their master. Whereupon Vibhishan told Maruti, Nala, Nila, Sugriva and other monkeys to guard Rama and Lakshuman during the night. All the monkeys, therefore, made a fortification of their tails and, placing the princes on a cot, guarded them. At mid-night Ahiravana and Mahiravana came there and surveyed the whole of the fortification. But there being no way to get in, they excavated the earth ; and through

that excavation they carried off the princes with the cot to Mahikavati in Patal, where they put them in trance and confined them in a house. They had posted twenty kotis of demons under the command of Makardwaja to watch the mouth of the excavation which was near the sea in Patal.

At the dawn of the day all the monkeys at Suvela went to visit Rama, when they found, to their great surprise, that the cot disappeared with Rama and Lakshuman. They saw the excavation and the footprints of demons, from which they concluded that the demons had carried off the princes through that hollow. All the monkeys were greatly alarmed, and did not know what to do, but, in the mean time, Vibhishan came and told them not to make a noise about it, because if Ravana knew of their position, he would attack them and kill them all in no time. The monkeys with Vibhishan met together and asked Maruti whether he could go through the excavation and trace the whereabouts of Rama and Lakshuman. "Even at the risk of my life I will get Rama and Lakshuman back," replied Maruti. Having thus spoken Maruti entered the excavation with Nala, Nila Angad, and Jambuvant and went through it to the sea-shore half dead, where they refreshed themselves with a fresh breeze. Looking at the large numbers of the demons they disguised themselves as **Fakirs* and asked the monsters to show them the way that led to Mahikavati. The demons did not listen to them and prevented them from proceeding.

* Mendicants.

further, when Maruti got indignant and threw them into the sea with his tail. Makardwaja was greatly incensed, and combated with Maruti but the latter flung him down and sat on his chest. Makardwaja was alarmed, when Maruti called upon him to name the espouser of his cause. "If my father, Maruti, were here, said Makardwaja," he would kill you and save my life." As soon as the demon mentioned the name of Maruti, the latter was startled, and, getting up from his chest, said, "My name is Maruti. I am a **Bramhachari* and how do you say that I am your father? Just give me an account of how you were born to me." "When you burnt Lanka," replied Makardwaja, "you threw into the sea your sweat, which my mother, a †*Magari*, swallowed up; and of that sweat I was born to you." Maruti was astonished at the account given by Makardwaja, and blessed him; when the Magari came to see the monkey and said to him, "When you came here last time, you had a large size; but I now find that your form is very small. I doubt whether you are that Maruti whom I had seen." Whereupon Maruti assumed his former form and removed her doubt. He then acquainted her with what had happened to Rama, when she said, "Ahiravana and Mahiravana are two brothers. They are wicked and treacherous demons. I know that they have carried off Rama and Lakshuman

* A Brahman that religiously abstains from all sexual commerce with woman; either for a time or through life.

† An alligator.

to Mahikavati," and they will sacrifice them to their goddess to-morrow. I, therefore, advise you to go and hide yourself in the temple of the goddess, where you will find both the princes." "Have patience," replied Maruti, "I will kill all the demons and give Mahikavati to your son." "Mahikavati," continued the Magari, is at a distance of 13 yojans, and to reach there you will have to cross a vast sea, which you will not be able to do. I, therefore, beg you to sit with your companions in my mouth, and I will convey you to that place." Nala, Nila, Angad, and Jambuvant were afraid, as they thought that the Magari might swallow them up on their way to Mahikavati. They, therefore, refused her kind offer and stayed on the sea-shore, while Maruti alone jumped over the sea and immediately reached Mahikavati, where he became as small as an atom and entered the temple of the goddess. As soon as he saw the goddess, he pushed her in a drain and, assuming her form, sat in her place. The goddess was frightened, and did not speak a word for fear of life. The demons as usual made offerings to the goddess consisting of boiled rice, milk, butter and other things which Maruti swallowed up to his heart's content and loudly said to the demons, "I am very much pleased with you, because you have brought to-day Rama and Lakshuman for my tiffin. Let me have them. Do not open the doors of the temple, because you will not be able to bear my power and lustre. I, therefore, command you to make an opening to one of the walls of the temple and push them in through it, so that I

may devour them with a great relish. Do not kill them." Believing that the goddess was much pleased with them, Ahiravana and Mahiravana removed the trance from Rama and Lakshuman and brought them to the temple. As directed by the goddess, they made an opening to one of the walls of the temple and pushed them in through it. Rama and Lakshuman were frightened at the sight of the goddess, who opened her mouth and said to them, "I shall now devour you, as I am very hungry; but before I do that, name the espouser of your cause." Whereupon the princes replied, "If Maruti were here, he would come to our rescue. We are now helpless, and throw ourselves on your mercy." Maruti was moved with pity at the princes, and immediately discovered himself to them. "I am now without weapons," said Rama, "and how can I kill all the demons without them?" "You need not be afraid," continued Maruti, "I shall get your weapons here." So saying he brought the weapons and dhanushabans from Suvela. As princes were hungry, Maruti gave them to eat butter and other things which he had preserved for them; and after they had appeased their hunger he sat on the place of the goddess, hiding them behind his back, and loudly exclaimed, "I am now ready to bless my all beloved demons one by one. Let Ahiravana come in first." Ahiravana was extremely glad, as the goddess wanted him first; and without loss of time he went in and stood before the deity, who ^{n w}trampled him under his foot and instantly killed him. As the demon did not come out for some time, the

other demons outside the temple apprehended that there was some mischief in the temple, and began to make enquiries about him, when Maruti broke open the doors of the temple and killed a great number of the demons with his tail. Having been informed that his brother was killed by Maruti, Rama and Lakshuman, Mahiravana commenced to fight with them. He let off arrows after arrows at his enemies but they cut them up and let off an arrow and killed the demon with it ; but, to their great surprise, they found that every drop of the blood of the demon produced one Mahiravana, and when Rama killed all the Mahiravanas produced by all the drops of the first Mahiravana, the drops of so many Mahiravanas produced innumerable Mahiravanas ; and thus the more Rama killed the Mahiravanas, the more they were produced. At last Rama was confused, and did not know what to do. Maruti went and asked the Magari to acquaint him with the cause of the phenomenon. The Magari referred him to Chandraseni, wife of Ahi-ravana, and told him that she would tell him all about it. Whereupon Maruti called upon Chandraseni and implored her to tell him the cause of the phenomenon, when she said, "I shall be very glad to tell you the cause of the phenomenon, but unless Rama marries me, I shall not tell you the cause. I am charmed with the prince, and if you promise me that you will make him marry me, I shall tell you the cause" "Oh, yes. I can do it very easily," replied Maruti. "Then give me your promise," continued Chandraseni. Maruti gave his promise to her, when she said, "Ahiravana performed a

severe penance, with which the god, Siva, was pleased, and blessed him, saying that every drop of the nectar in the **kundas* in Patal, if mixed, with every drop of the blood of Mahiravana, it would produce one Mahiravana and that the drops of the blood of the Mahiravanas produced by such drops would multiply the Mahiravanas. So saying he presented the demon with a string of †*Bramahras* worn upon his neck and told him that the *Bramahras* would supply his brother with the nectar at the time of a war. Now you see, these *Bramahras*, who are as big as mountains, go to Patal and sprinkle the nectar on the blood of the Mahiravanas and consequently there is no end to them. I, therefore, tell you to go to Patal and kill all the *Bramahras*, so that the nectar may not be sprinkled over the blood of the Mahiravanas so killed by Rama." As soon as Maruti knew the secret, he immediately went to Patal and killed the *Bramahras* except their chief whose life was spared, because he promised the monkey that he would be useful to him on some occasion. Having killed the *Bramahras*, Maruti returned to Rama and told him to let off arrows at the Mahiravanas. The prince accordingly did it and killed all the Mahiravanas.

Immediately after this success Maruti remembered the promise given by him to Chandraseni and said to himself, "I do not know what I should do now. If I tell Rama to marry Chandraseni, he will never do so, because he has sworn that he will be faithful to his wife, Sita. If I fail to fulfil the promise given by me

* Holes in the ground.

† Big black flies.

to her, she will curse me to death." Maruti however made bold and told Rama all about the promise given by him to Chandraseni. "I will not at all violate my oath," replied Rama, "if you like, I can come to the place of Chandraseni and bless her." "Yes," continued Maruti, "you can do so." Thence Maruti first came alone to Chandraseni and said to her, "Rama will come to-night. Keep your **manchaka* ready for him, but I tell you one thing that if the manchaka is broken by the weight of Rama, he will never marry you and will go directly home. I, therefore, tell you to order a strong manchaka to be made. Chandraseni got a strong and beautiful manchaka ready for Rama and sat there expecting the prince. Maruti sent the chief of the Brahamar without her knowledge to hole the bed-stead in such a manner that as soon as Rama sat on it, it would be broken to pieces. The Brahamar skilfully holed the whole of the manchaka and went away. In the evening Maruti, accompanied by Rama, came to Chandraseni, who received him and made him sit on the manchaka; but no sooner did Rama sit on it than it was broken to pieces. Whereupon Rama immediately got up and began to walk towards his place, accompanied by Maruti, when Chandraseni indignantl^y exclaimed, "Ah, monkey! Thou art a great scoundrel. This is thy^y dodge. I will now curse thee to death." Maruti was alarmed, when Rama went and pacified her, saying that he would marry her during his another incarnation and that she would be called Satyabhama. After all the

* A bed-stead.

demons were killed, Rama gave Mahikavati to Makardwaja and returned to Suvela with Maruti and the other monkeys.

On the return of Rama to Suvela Ravana said to his courtiers, "There is no use of my living in this world without my beloved son, Indrajit. I must now either kill Rama or kill myself." So saying he took the field with all his demons and commenced to let off arrows at Rama which the latter cut up. But the prince was struck with one arrow, when Vibhishan let off arrows at the demon-king, who boiled with rage, discharged at his brother a weapon called Bramahshakti. Lakshuman immediately cut it up, when Ravana discharged another weapon so powerful that it ran upon the prince like a lightning but Maruti caught hold of it before it struck him. To the great surprise of all, the weapon became a female in the hands of Maruti and said to him, "Well, Maruti, you say that you are a Brahmachari and how do you touch a female?" You will be sinful, if you do not let me go." Maruti was greatly astonished at the female in his hands ; and as soon as she uttered the word, sin, he placed her on the ground, when she immediately became a weapon and, rushing upon Lakshuman, struck his head and chest and consequently he fell in the field lifeless. Rama and all the monkeys were alarmed, and much lamented for him. Ravana, elate with the success, returned to Lanka with exultation. Rama and the monkeys were in confusion, and did not know what to do. All were discouraged, and



thought of leaving Suvela. Shortly after, Ravana returned to the field, when Rama, boiled with rage, let off arrows at him and the other demons and killed many of them. The demon-king, being unable to overcome him, trembled from head to foot. He became mad and imagined Rama where-ever he went. Having been frightened, he immediately returned to Lanka and told his wife, Mandodari, what he had imagined, when she said, "My love, my dearest, even now restore Sita to Rama and be his friend." "No, no," Ravana indignantly replied, "That can never be done. I will either kill myself or kill Rama." Immediately after Mandodari had returned to her palace, he ordered the demons to dig an excavation in the ground. The excavation was accordingly dug; and in that excavation he performed a penance to get a divyaratha from the fire and sat there in deep meditation.

Rama grieved for his brother, and all the monkeys were alarmed. In the mean-time, their physician, Susena, felt the pulse of Lakshuman and said, "Lakshuman has still life in him and he will be no more as soon as the sun rises in the morning. If the plant of nectar is brought here from Dronagiri in the course of the night, Lakshuman can be restored to life. Is there any warrior who can go forty millions of yojans from this place and get the plant here in the course of the night?" As soon as the physician put the question, Maruti said, "I will just go and bring Dronagiri here in three hours." So saying he took his leave of Rama and jumped from Suvela. He came to a hill called Madaranchela which

was close to Dronagiri. Maruti was very thirsty ; and to refresh himself he went to an abode of an old Brahman and requested him for a cup of water. This Brahman, who had a number of disciples with him, blessed Maruti and said, "I am very glad to see you here. Kindly spend this night with us here and go in the morning." "I can not wait here for a minute," replied Maruti. "I must do my business as soon as possible." When the Brahman found that Maruti did not comply with his wishes, he showed him a river. Maruti went there and stooped to take water, when a *vivasi** as big as a mountain came out to devour the monkey, who at once seized her by her legs and instantly killed her. When she was killed, a beautiful *devangana*† came out of her belly and threw herself at the feet of Maruti. She said, "I was very beautiful ; and being proud of my beauty, I laughed at a sage, who got indignant and cursed me, saying that I would be a vivasi. I implored him to look upon me with mercy and make the curse a little milder, when he said that I would be released from the curse by your hands. I also inform you that the Brahman, who lives in that abode, is a demon called Kalnemi. He has been here for many days with his companions, who are also demons. Ravana has sent this demon to detain you here, and when you refused to comply with his wishes, he told you to go to that river in order that I might devour you." No sooner did the devangana inform Maruti of

A goddess.

† A courtesan of heaven.

this than he came back to the abode of the Brahman, when the latter said to the monkey, "You ought to give me some presents, as I have pointed out the river to you." "I shall be very glad to give you presents," replied Maruti. The demon stared at the monkey, when the latter gave him blows as precious presents from him. The demon immediately assumed his original form which was five yojans in length and breadth, and combated with Maruti but the latter instantly killed him; and his companions fled to Lanka to inform Ravana of it. Maruti then went to Dronagiri and implored him to accompany him to Suvela, when the mountain said, "Thou art a trouble-some creature. Go away. Thou, fool. I will never come with thee." Maruti got enraged and, having lifted up the mountain with his tail, set out for Suvela. But on the road Bharat, the third brother of Rama, who was living at Nandigram with the Rishi, Vashista, having looked at the bright and glittering mountain and, having thought it was some thing to entrap Rama and Lakshuman, let off an arrow at it, which passed through the mountain and pierced an arm of Maruti. The monkey was wounded, and immediately came down with the mountain, repeating, all the time, the name of Rama. Bharat heard the repetition of the name of Rama and asked him who he was, when the monkey informed him of what had happened to Lakshuman and said, "What should I do now? How can I go to Suvela before the sun-rise. If I do not reach Suvela with this mountain in the course of the night, Lakshuman will be no more." "You need not be

afraid," replied Bharat. "I shall send you and the mountain to Suvela, in a minute, though it is at a distance of thousands of yojans from this place. Just sit on the top of my arrow, which will carry you and the mountain there in a minute." Maruti was surprised at the valour and power of Bharat, and continued, "You need not take so much trouble. I can do it myself." So saying he took his leave of the prince and jumped from Nandigram with the mountain and came to Suvela. The physician immediately came and, taking out the juice of the plant of nectar, applied it to Lakshuman and brought him to life. In like manner he applied the juice to all the monkeys killed by Ravana and restored them to life. This having been done, Maruti took the mountain and placed it where it formerly stood. Ravana however despatched one hundred demons to snatch Dronagiri from the hands of Maruti but the latter, holding the mountain in his one hand, killed them all with his other hand.

Rama, Lakshuman, and the monkeys again prepared themselves to fight with Ravana but the demon-king did not come out of Lanka for some time. In the mean-time, Vibhishan came and said to Rama, "Ravana is performing a penance like that of Indrajit and half of the divyaratha has come out of the fire. Unless you send some monkey-warriors there and destroy the havan made by him, you will not be able to over-come him." No sooner did Vibhishan inform Rama of this than the latter despatched Maruti, Nala, Nila, Sugriva and other monkeys to Lanka. They all

went and searched the place where the demon-king was performing the penance ; but they could not find out the place. But, in the mean-time, Sharma, wife of Vibhishan, showed the place to them. Whereupon they went to the mouth of the excavation and, having removed the stone which was placed upon it, rushed into it, when Ravana was in deep meditation. The monkeys, having destroyed the havan and the ratha, tried their utmost, to arouse him from his meditation but failed in their trial. They struck him with their weapons, they threw rocks and trees upon him, they gave blows to him but all was in vain. At last Sugriva caught hold of Mandodari and brought her in the excavation. She was frightened, and violently cried. Her yell aroused the demon-king from meditation ; and as soon as he saw his wife there, and having found that the havan was destroyed by the monkeys, he was greatly enraged, and beat them all down. The monkeys immediately returned to Suvela leaving Ravana and his wife in the excavation. The demon-king said to Mandodari " My dearest, do not grieve for what has happened to you. Pain and pleasure are made for us mortal beings and we must experience them according to their turns. Now I am going to the field. I will either kill myself or kill Rama. If I return to you, it is all right ; and if I fall in the field, these are the last words I address to you." So saying the demon-king took the remaining demons with him and came to the field, when all the monkeys threw upon him innumerable mountains, rocks, and trees but Ravana cut them up in no time and beat them all down,

Finding that Ravana could not be overcome, Rama immediately attacked him, when the former let off a serpent-weapon, which produced innumerable serpents and stung the monkeys. Rama let off a Garuda-weapon, which produced garudas and killed all the serpents.. Rama let off a rain-weapon, which produced the rain and flowed the demons, when Ravana let off a wind-weapon, which produced the wind and dispersed the rain. Rama let off a mountain-weapon, which produced mountains and stopped the wind. Ravana let off a diamond-weapon, which produced diamonds and broke all the mountains. Ravana let off innumerable arrows at Rama at one and the same time but the latter cut them up with one arrow. Ravana then let off a very powerful arrow, which struck Rama and passed through his left foot, when all the monkeys got enraged and began to throw arrows, rocks, and trees at Ravana but the latter bravely broke them with his weapons. Ravana fought from his chariot and Rama from the ground. Finding that the prince was in a bad position, Indra, the chief of the gods in heaven, sent his chariot for him, which he mounted and began to fight with his enemy. They both were very powerful, and fought with each other for seven days and seven nights without cessation. Rama then let off four arrows and killed the horses of Ravana. The demon-king then immediately put other horses to his chariot, when Rama let off an arrow of the size of the half moon, which Ravana cut up with the like arrow. Whereupon Rama let off a sharp weapon, which struck

the chest of the demon-king and cut off his ten heads but, to the surprise of all, the heads again fixed themselves to him. Rama again cut them off but they again fixed themselves to Ravana. Rama having failed to separate the heads of Ravana, all the monkeys were alarmed, when the charioteer, Matuli, said to Rama, "Ravana has got a phial full of nectar in his breast. Just let off an arrow at his breast and break the phial, so that the heads will not fix themselves to the demon-king." Hearing this from Matuli Rama discharged a powerful weapon called Agasti Data and broke the phial in his breast, and immediately after, he cut off his three heads and killed him on the spot. The demon-king having fallen in the field, his brother, Vibhishan, lamented over him, when Rama consoled and pacified him. Mandodari and his other wives came and violently cried for their husband. Vibhishan consoled them and sent them to their palaces. The funeral ceremony of Ravana was then performed by his brother; and soon after, Rama installed him in the throne of Lanka. All the demons acknowledged him as their king and paid homage to him. All the gods and kings imprisoned by Ravana were released from the prison there. Rama visited them all and heartily embraced them. After all this was done, Rama asked Maruti and Vibhishan to bring Sita from the Asoka forest. Whereupon they immediately went to the forest and informed her of what had happened to Ravana and said to her, "We are desired by Rama to bring you to Suvela. Please, therefore, prepare yourself to accompany us." Sita having prepared herself to accom-

pany them, Vibhishan seated her in a **sibika* and brought her to Suvela. She went to embrace Rama affectionately, when the latter said to her, "Do not come near me. I have set you at liberty in order that the people might not call me cruel. You have been for so many years in Lanka, and I do not know what you have done during that time. I can not now admit you into my house ; you can go wherever you like. I have no objection to it whatsoever." Hearing these words from Rama Sita was over-whelmed with grief, and replied "I am unfortunate. For nothing you have taken trouble for me. For nothing you have given trouble for all the monkeys. If you do not like to admit me into your house, take the sword and cut off my head. I have led a pious and moral life, and I shall presently satisfy you about it." Having addressed these words to Rama, she requested all the monkeys to arrange a pile of wood and set fire to it. All the monkeys accordingly arranged the pile and set fire to it. Sita went near it and loudly exclaimed in the presence of all the monkeys and demons, "All know that I was carried off and confined by Ravana. I say that I led a pious and moral life during the time I was in the kingdom of the demon. There is the fire ready to receive me. I will now throw myself into it ; and if what I say is false, I shall be burnt in it. And if what I say is true, I shall come out of the fire unhurt." So saying Sita threw herself into the fire and disappeared for about three hours. Rama, Lakshuman, and all the monkeys grieved for her

* A palanquin.

and stood near the pile bewildered. But, in the meantime, the god of fire, brought her out of it, well decorated with ornaments and well dressed, and gave her in charge of Rama, who heartily embraced her.

Shortly after, Rama set out for Ayodya in a beautiful *viman*.* Sugriva, Vibhishan, all the monkeys, and demons were seated in it. On the road Rama visited the Rishis and his other friends, who had supported him in the forest, and directly came to Nandigram, where he alighted from the viman and visited his brother, Bharat, who heartily embraced him with tears of joy. Rama then sent the viman back and stayed in the forest of Nandigram with Sugriva, Vibhishan, all the monkeys and demons. In the mean-time, Shatrughna and Sumant came to the forest with all their army and visited Rama, Lakshuman, and Sita. Kausalya, Sumitra, and Kayakayi also came there and affectionately visited their sons. Kayakayi remembered her past conduct towards Rama and repented of what she had done to ruin him. They all then seated themselves in chariots and came to Ayodya with the acclamation of joy.

On the return of Rama from Suvela all the kings on earth including his father-in-law, Janaka, visited him. All the people of Ayodya were exceedingly glad to see Rama, Lakshuman, and Sita. Rama entertained all the kings, Rishis, demons, and monkeys for some days. Sita affectionately embraced her sisters and her all relations. Soon after, Rama was installed by the

* A chariot of the gods serving as a throne or as a conveyance through the skies, self-directed and self-moving.

Rishi, Vashista, in the throne of Ayodya, when all the kings paid tribute to him. Immediately after the ceremony of installation was over, Rama gave presents to Sugriva, Vibhishan and all other kings. But Maruti did not accept any of the presents, as the other monkeys did. The monkeys asked Maruti why he refused the presents from Rama. "Why do I want the presents from Rama?" replied Maruti. "Rama is always in my heart." Whereupon the monkeys continued, "If what you say is true, show us Rama in your heart." As soon as the monkeys uttered these words, Maruti ripped his heart and showed Rama to them from within. The monkeys were greatly surprised, and threw themselves at the feet of Maruti. When Rama was on the throne, Kayakayi peeped at him through a window and said, "My son is unfortunate. Look at Rama, how he is happy. I tried my utmost to get the throne for him but he did not listen to me. And at last he has become a slave of his brother, Rama." Vashista over-heard what she had said and replied, "I told you many things but you would never mind me. It was owing to your own folly and jealousy that Rama was sent to the forest, and it was you who took the life of your husband, Dasharatha. I now still advise you to be a good woman and trust, you will love Rama and Lakshman as your sons, Bharat and Shatrughna." Soon after, Rama, Sugriva, Vibhishan, and all other kings returned to their respective countries with their respective armies. Only Maruti always remained with Rama. Rama reigned in Ayodya for eleven thousand years and

all his subjects were happy under his reign and led a very pious life.

Sita was in family way for the first time, and when she past six months, Rama took her to his pleasant garden, where they spent some time in pleasure. While they were there, Rama said to Sita, "My sweet heart, you have now past six months of your pregnancy. Just let me know what do you like to enjoy. I am ready to gratify any of your desires." "My love, what I want to enjoy is this," replied Sita, "that you and I should go to a forest where Rishis live, and eat *kandamuls*† there, and sleep on the bed of *Trana*‡ on the ground." When Sita expressed her desire, he said to himself, "Lo, she suffered so much in the forest and yet she likes to go to a forest." So saying to himself he returned home with her. A few days before Rama went to the garden he had ordered his officers to go round the city at night and hear whether his subjects spoke ill of him. The officers, who had gone round the city, came to Rama, and said to him, "We went to every door successively for some days and found that all your subjects spoke well of you except one washer-man called, Rajaka, who scandalized you. One day this Rajaka beat his wife, and consequently she ran to her parent's house without his knowledge. Her father intervened and came to the house of his son-in-law with his daughter and requested him to admit her into his house, when Rajaka said, 'I will never admit her into my house. I am not that

† Esculent roots.

‡ Grass.

Rama, who shamelessly admitted Sita into his house, though she lived under the roof of Ravana for many years. I am a pure washer-man. I am the man who clean and remove the dirt and spots on the dresses and clothes of the people, and do you mean to say that I will admit your unclean daughter again into my house? You can take her back. I do not wish to see her face.' This is the only man who has scandalized you." As soon as Rama heard these words from the officers, he became exceedingly sorry and, having called Lakshuman, said to him, "You see, my brother, that Rajaka has scandalized me, though Sita is faithful and as pious as any thing. That wicked washer-man has scandalized me, because I have admitted her into my house. I can not bear this at all. I, therefore, bade you take Sita to the yonder forest and, leaving her there alone, return to me as soon as possible." "You need not take to your heart what Rajaka has said about you," replied Lakshuman. "There are many wicked persons who are in the habit of scandalizing others. As a wise and prudent man you should not mind it. Let the people say whatever they like. Why do you mind that stupid man? I shall cut off his tongue." "What you say is right," continued Rama, but "if you cut off the tongue of that man, the people will say that we are guilty. It is, therefore, far better, if we get rid of Sita, so that nobody may speak ill of us." Lakshuman hesitated to comply with his wishes, when Rama exclaimed, "If you do not obey me, I shall kill myself on this spot." Finding that Rama was serious, Lakshuman immediately got up and entered the palace

of Sita, who kindly received him and made him sit with her. Lakshuman said to her, " Rama has told me to take you to the yonder forest as soon as possible. So kindly prepare yourself and accompany me there." " Has Rama told you to take me to the forest? replied she. " Ah, I am very fortunate. Some days ago he asked me what I wanted to enjoy, and I told him that I liked to pass four or five days in a forest, eat kandamuls there and sleep on the bed of Trana. I think, for the same purpose he is going to send me with you. Let us start. I am quite ready." Listening to what Sita had said Lakshuman felt much and shed tears for her. Soon after, Lakshuman seated her in a chariot near the river, Janavi, and began to drive it, when she observed bad omens and asked him what those omens indicated. Lakshuman, over-whelmed with grief, could not utter a syllable and quietly drove the chariot. When she found him quiet and in grief, she said to him, " Why are you so sorry ? Why dont you speak with me ?" Lakshuman still kept quiet and, crossing the river in a boat, landed her in the forest, where there was no human being and, it was inhabited by lions serpents, tigers, and other animals. She asked Lakshuman, " Where are the abodes of Rishis ?" Lakshuman did not reply ; but, making a bed of grass, he seated her on it. He then fell at her feet and said with tears in his eyes, " Mother, Rama has left you alone in this forest. I have brought you here, as I could not disobey him." No sooner did Lakshuman speak these words than she fainted away. While she was insensible, Lakshuman prayed to the goddess of the forest and every creature

in it to protect her, and started for Ayodya. When he went some paces off, Sita came to herself and, standing on her legs, loudly exclaimed, "O, Lakshuman, kindly return and take me back. Why do you leave me here without any faults on my part? Kill me and tell Rama of it. Where shall I go in this dreary forest." So saying she violently cried so much so that even trees and stones shed tears for her. Lakshuman returned to Ayodya and told Rama all about Sita. Sita wandered in the forest barefooted. She had no shelter there. She often fainted away. She said to herself, "It is now useless to live in this world. I should have killed myself but what should I do? If I kill myself, I shall be guilty of suicide and murder, because the infant child in my womb will also be killed with me." So saying to herself she abandoned the idea of killing herself. In the mean-time, the Rishi, Valmika, having heard the yells of Sita, came up to her and said, "Who are you? What has brought you here?" "I am a daughter of Janak and wife of Rama," replied Sita. Lakshuman left me alone in this dreary forest without any faults on my part. I am quite a stranger here. So I implore you to be my father." "My name is Valmika," replied Valmika. Rama knows me well. Your father, Janak, is my friend; and, therefore, I look upon you as my daughter. Two sons will be born to you. They will be more powerful than their father, and will revenge themselves upon those who have left you alone in this forest without any faults on your part." Valmika then led Sita to his abode, when all the Rishis

gathered around him and asked him, "Who is this woman?" "This is Sita," replied Valmika. "Why have you brought her here? Surely you will get into difficulties on account of her" continued the Rishis. One of the Rishis said, "If she is Sita, tell her to bring that river here." Sita prayed to the river, and it flowed where she was standing. The Rishis were alarmed, and prayed to her for protection. She again prayed to the river and sent her back. Valmika brought Sita to his abode and took every care of her. After the expiration of nine months, she was delivered of twin sons at mid-day as bright as the sun, when the wives of the Rishis came and helped her in her confinement. The first born son was younger and the second born was eldest. The disciples of Valmika went and informed the Rishi of the birth of the two sons. Whereupon Valmika immediately came to his abode and performed the necessary ceremony. He sprinkled water over the younger son with a *kusha** and named him Kusha. The eldest son having been placed on *lavas*,† the Rishi, in like manner, sprinkled the water over him and called him Lahu. When the two sons became 8 years old, the Rishi performed their Vratiband and entertained the Rishis for four days. A *kamdhenu* supplied them with whatever they wanted. The Rishi taught them the Vedas, mantras, Ramāyan the Purans and *dhanurvidya*.‡ They thoroughly mastered all the sciences and arts and always played with the sons of the Rishis. When they became ten years old,

* Grass.

† A rush-like grass.

‡ The art of using a bow and an arrow

they went on hunting excursions and brought home the animals killed by them. One day Kusha killed a sage on the top of a mountain, who was brother of Valmika. He was meditating there in the form of a deer. They dragged the corpse of the sage towards the abode of Valmika, when the latter asked them on the road what they were doing. "We have brought a deer for you" replied they. "We shall make a seat of its skins for you." Valmika, having looked at the corpse, found that it was his brother and said to himself, "Now both the boys have become very brave. They have even killed a Brahman." So saying to himself Valmika performed the funeral ceremony of his brother and informed Sita of the valour of her sons, when she said, "What do I know?" It is you who have taught them dhanurvedya, mantras, arts, and all sciences. I implore you, Papa, to free them from the sin." "Unless they bring one thousand *Brāhma Kamals*,"* replied Valmika, "and worship the god, Siva, with all their heart and soul, they will not be freed from the sin." "Papa, will you kindly tell us where those kamals can be had?" enquired the boys, "we will immediately bring them here." "There is a lake called Brahma sarovar near Ayodya," continued Valmika, "but a number of warriors are posted by Rama to guard it. Those kamals are used by Rama for the worship of Siva." "Pooh," said the boys, "We will immediately bring those kamals. Let there be hundreds of brave warriors to guard the lake, we will punish them and even capture Rama."

* Lotuses.

So saying they hastened to the lake. Kusha went and plucked all the kamals, when the warriors came upon him but Lahu killed many of them. Those who had escaped, went and informed Rama of what the boys had done. Rama was greatly surprised, and praised the valour of the boys. Lahu and Kusha brought the kamals and worshipped Siva as directed by Valmika, and thus they were freed from the sin they had committed in killing the Brahman. One day, while both the boys were shampooing the feet of their mother, Kusha asked her, "In what country we were born? What is the name of the country and what is our race and who is our father?" "Rama, Lakshuman, Bharat, and Shatrughna," replied Sita, "are sons of Dasharatha, who was the king of Ayodya and belonged to the solar race. Rama, the eldest son of the king, is your father. I am left in this forest alone, because a washer-man scandalized him on my account." So saying she shed tears, when both the boys got much enraged at Rama and consoled their mother. Owing to the injustice done by Rama to Sita there was a terrible famine in Ayodya for twelve years. The people and animals suffered much. The rain fell in torrents. Rama was alarmed and asked the Rishi, Vashista, what the cause of the famine was, when the latter replied, "You have unjustly left Sita in the forest, although she is a paragon of virtue; and this is the cause of the famine. In order to put it down you must

celebrate an *Ashwamedha* † and let loose a *shamakarna* ‡ on the earth. Whereupon Rama erected a *mandap* § on the bank of the river, Sharayu, one yojan in length, and invited all the kings on the earth to that ceremony including Vibhishan, Sugriva, Nala, Nila, Maruti, Sharab, Govakshā, and all other monkeys. Rama, having performed the necessary ceremony, brought the best horse from his stable and made it stand in the mandap. Vashista tied up to its fore-head a golden *Patrika* § and wrote on it the following words:—"Rama, the king of Ayodya, son of Dasharatha, and emperor, has let the shamakarna loose on earth. It is guarded by six billions of warriors under the command of Shatrughna, and any king, who is powerful and mighty, is required to capture the horse and fight with its owner, but if he is unable to do so, he must submit to Rama and pay tribute to him." Rama worshipped the shamakarna and appointed Shatrughna as commander-in-chief of the six billions of the warriors, who followed the horse. Rama performed the *yadnya* || for many days in the mandap strongly guarded by Sugriva, Vibhishan, and Maruti. Lakshuman, Bharat, and Sumant supplied him with all the necessary things for the purpose.

† With a view to be an emperor or to free himself from sin a monarch would let a horse loose with a patrika or letter on its fore-head stating that any monarch whose dominion the animal entered, should either catch it and fight with its master or submit to him and give him tribute. Where-ever this animal entered, it was accompanied by the monarch with large armies. Monarchs read the patrika and fought with the invading monarch, if they were powerful to do so ; and if not, they gave him tribute. After all the monarchs were subdued, the horse was either killed or let go alive, and hence it is called ashwamedha or horse-sacrifice.

‡ A horse. § An open shade or hall. § A letter. || A sacrifice

Shatrughna conquered fifty six kings of very large countries, who submitted to him and, having paid tribute to Rama, followed the prince. The shamakarna of Rama began to gallop on the road on which the abode of Valmika stood. The Rishi, Valmika, had gone to Patal to be present at the yadnya performed by Varun. Before he left for Patal, he had told the boys to guard his abode in his absence. Both the small boys were playing together with other playmates near the abode at the time the shamakarna galloped, when Lahu showed the animal to his playmates and, having pulled off the patrika from the head of the horse, read the contents of it. He laughed at what he had read, and said, "Is Rama only a mighty king on earth? Pooh, I shall capture this horse, and let me see who will fight with me and recover the horse." So saying he tied up the animal to a plantain-tree. All the children of the Rishis were alarmed and said, "No doubt this horse belongs to a king. How dare you capture the animal? If the king come here and ask us who has detained the horse, we will surely give your name." In the mean-time, some of the warriors came there and, looking at the children of the Rishis, said, "Who are you? Who has tied up the horse to the plantain-tree?" "We do not know anything about it," replied the children. "There stands the boy who has tied up the horse to the tree and he will tell you why he has done so." In the mean-time, Shatrughna and all other warriors reached there. Looking at the tenderness of Lahu they coaxed him and went to untie the horse, when the former loudly

exclaimed," I did capture the horse. I stand here to fight with you. Who is your Rama? Go and tell him that I am ready to fight with him. You say that I am a child but I will kill you all and put down your pride." The warriors said to themselves, "It is unbecoming on our part to fight with these tender boys. All the kings will laugh at us, if we fight with them. It is far better to untie the horse and walk quietly." So saying all the warriors went to untie the animal, when Lahu let off arrows and cut off the hands of those who went to untie the horse. All the six billions of warriors at once rushed upon the boy, who let off arrows and defeated them with heavy loss, when Shatrughna drove his chariot but there was no room to move it, as there were heaps of the corpses of the warriors killed by Lahu. He however pushed aside the corpses and went where the boy was standing. Finding him just like Rama, he asked him, "Whose child you are? You have killed all my warriors. I will now severely punish you." "Very well, I shall see how you will save your life now," replied Lahu. Shatrughna got enraged and let off an arrow at the boy, who cut it up in no time. He then let off many arrows which Lahu cut up and struck the former with his arrows. At last he threw at Lahu the deadly arrow given by Rama to him for use in difficulty, when Lahu said, "I do not know how to cut this arrow up. Kusha has a knowledge of it. If he had not gone to the forest for kanda-mula, he would have cut it up." Lahu however let off a fiery arrow and cut a part of the deadly arrow but the

remaining half of it struck the boy; and consequently he fell insensible on the ground. Shatrughna was moved, and having gone near the boy, looked at him attentively. He resembled Rama. Shatrughna applied water to his eyes and brought him to his senses; and in order to show him to Rama he put him into the chariot, and proceeded further with the shamakarna. The children ran and informed Sita of the fate of her son, Lahu, when she fainted away and, coming to herself, violently cried. She exclaimed with grief, "I am helpless and very unfortunate. Which heartless man has seized my child? O, my son, thou art tender. Thou must have been wounded. Thy eyes must have been broken by the arrows of the enemy. My children are too young. They live upon kandamuls and how will they be strong enough to fight with warriors? Those who raise a weapon against a child, are not Kshatriyas. How is that nobody felt pity at the child? Who has carried off the little wealth I had? Who has carried off the stick of a blind and lame woman? If my father, Valmika, were here, he would go to his rescue, but unfortunately he has gone to Patal. Kusha has also gone to the forest, what shall I do now? Who will get my son back." In the mean-time, Kusha returned from the forest and asked his mother where his brother was, when she, with tears in her eyes, informed him of what had happened to Lahu. As soon as he was informed of the fate of his brother, he took up his bow and arrow and ran after Shatrughna and the other warriors. Kusha called out and said, "Who are you,

thieves. Where are you going to take the stolen thing?" So saying he let off arrows at the army of Shatrughna, when the latter turned round and loudly said, "Child, I shall immediately seize and carry you off with us." So saying Shatrughna let off ten arrows at Kusha, which the latter cut up and broke the chariot and killed the four horses of the former with nine arrows; and with three arrows his helmet and *chap were broken. Shatrughna fell on the ground and combated with Kusha, when the latter let off two arrows and cut off his two hands; and at the same time his head was cut off with another arrow. On the fall of Shatrughna his brother, Nagendranath, let off twenty arrows at the boy but the latter broke the arrows with one arrow and cut off the head of Nagendranath with an arrow of the size of the half moon. Having done this, he continued the letting off arrows at the warriors, who could not over-come Kusha. The boy killed many billions of warriors and all other kings who had submitted to Rama. Kusha then went and searched his brother, whom he found in the chariot of Shatrughna. He was insensible. Kusha brought him to senses and embraced him affectionately. Lahu said, "Let us now go home with the shamakarna." "I am sure many other warriors will come here to fight with us," replied Kusha. It is not safe to return home. Let us kill all that would come here to take the horse, and then return home. A few wounded warriors went and informed Rama that Shatrughna and six billions of the warriors were killed by two small boys

* A bow.

of a Rishi. Rama was alarmed at the news and immediately despatched Lakshuman with a large army to the seat of the war. He, looking at the beautiful boys of the age of twelve years, was greatly surprised at their bravery. The warriors said, "Capture, capture the boys. Where will they go now?" The boys prayed to the sun, who was pleased with them and presented them with a successful weapon, which Lahu took up and attacked the warriors of Lakshuman and killed a large number of them, when Lakshuman said to Kaljit, "As long as the two boys stand together, nobody can overcome them. Let us, therefore, separate them both and seize them." So saying Lakshuman separated the boys with the assistance of all his warriors but Lahu let off one arrow, which produced kotis of arrows and killed the warriors. Finding Lakshuman in a bad position a demon called Rudhi, a great friend of Rama, jumping in the air, came down where Lahu was standing, and snatched the weapon from his hands and flew like a bird, when Lahu also flew with him and, seizing the demon by his hair and turning him like a wheel, flung him down and instantly killed him. Lakshuman got enraged and let off at the two boys five arrows as powerful as lightning, which Lahu cut up in a minute. Lahu said to Lakshuman, "You formerly killed Indrajit. Let me see your valour now. You fasted for fourteen years. No doubt you must have now rest and I shall give it to you" "Whose son are you?" asked Lakshuman." "Why do you want to know it?" replied Lahu, "Come on, let us now fight." So saying he

let off one arrow and threw Lakshuman with his chariot in the sky, which turned in the air and came down on the ground. Lakshuman mounted another chariot and continued letting off arrows at Lahu, which the latter cut up one after another in the twinkling of an eye. Lakshuman then let off an arrow, which produced kotis of **gadas*, when Lahu made use of the mantra given by Valmika, which produced kotis of †*chakras* and cut up the *gadas*. Lakshuman then let off a mountain-weapon, which produced mountains but Lahu broke them with the diamonds produced by a diamond-weapon. Thus Lakshuman tried his utmost to kill Lahu with his arrows but he could not overcome the boy, when the latter said to him, "Why have you stopped now? If your arrows are finished, go back and call your Rama." Lakshuman did not reply to what Lahu had said, and indignantly let off arrows at Lahu, when the latter let off a melody-weapon, which produced melodious voices and charmed Lakshuman, who was an incarnation of the serpent, Shesha. Lakshuman, having been charmed with the melodious voices, ceased to fight and began to nod his head with mirth.

Kalajit surrounded Kusha with his troops but the latter killed them all and joined his brother. Rama was about to send Bharat with more troops to re-enforce the army of Lakshuman with instructions to Lakshuman that they should put upon the boys a fascination-weapon and, seizing the two boys, bring them to him alive, so that their mother might not cry for them. In

* A discus.

† Iron bars as weapons.

the mean-time, a few wounded warriors came and informed Rama that Lakshuman and Kaljit had fallen in the field of war with all the warriors commanded by him. Rama, hearing this, grieved much for Lakshuman and immediately despatched Maruti and Bharat with more warriors. When Bharat saw the boys just like Rama, he said to Maruti, "There is no doubt that the boys are sons of Rama." "I should think so," replied Maruti. Lahu and Kusha saw them whisper to each other and said, "No doubt they will engage us in conversation and take the shamakarna from us." Kusha told Lahu to guard the horse and he himself came up to Bharat and asked him, "You are elder than Lakshuman. Are you not? You seem to be a brave soldier." "Just tell me what is your name, who are your parents, and tell me with whom you fought before?" "My name is Kusha," replied the child. "Depart from this place," continued Bharat, and "tell your mother that I have spared your life." "I think, Rama has sent you here to capture us," said Kusha. "I now tell you, either fight with me or depart from this place as soon as you can. I do not pursue you. Just go and get your Rama here." Bharat got enraged and let off various arrows and weapons at Kusha, which the latter cut up very easily. At last he let off a diamond-weapon at Maruti, and made him insensible. This news having been communicated to Rama, the latter mounted his chariot and came to the field of the war with the army of the monkeys. The monkeys threw at the boys mountains, rocks, and trees which they broke with their weapons and

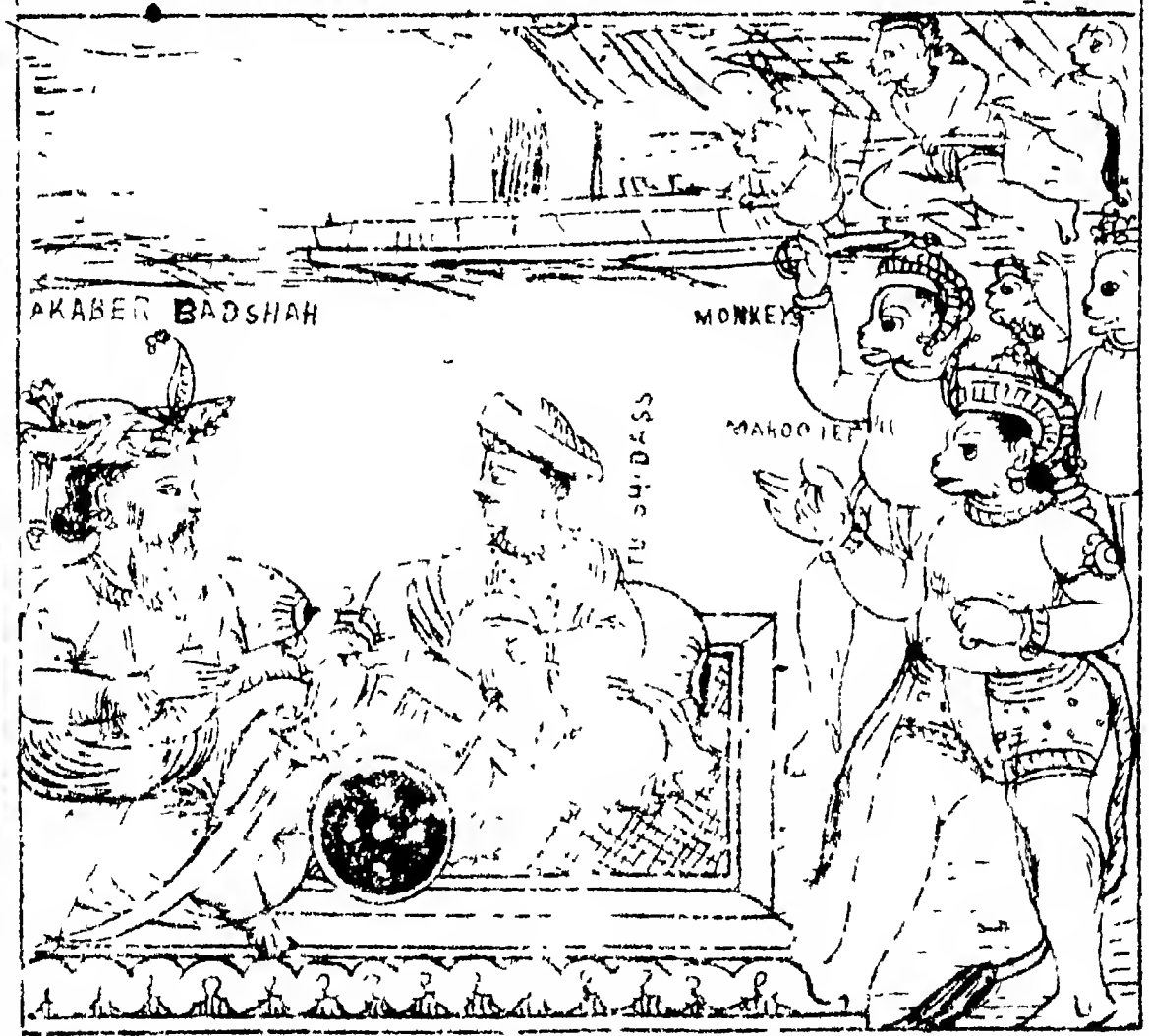
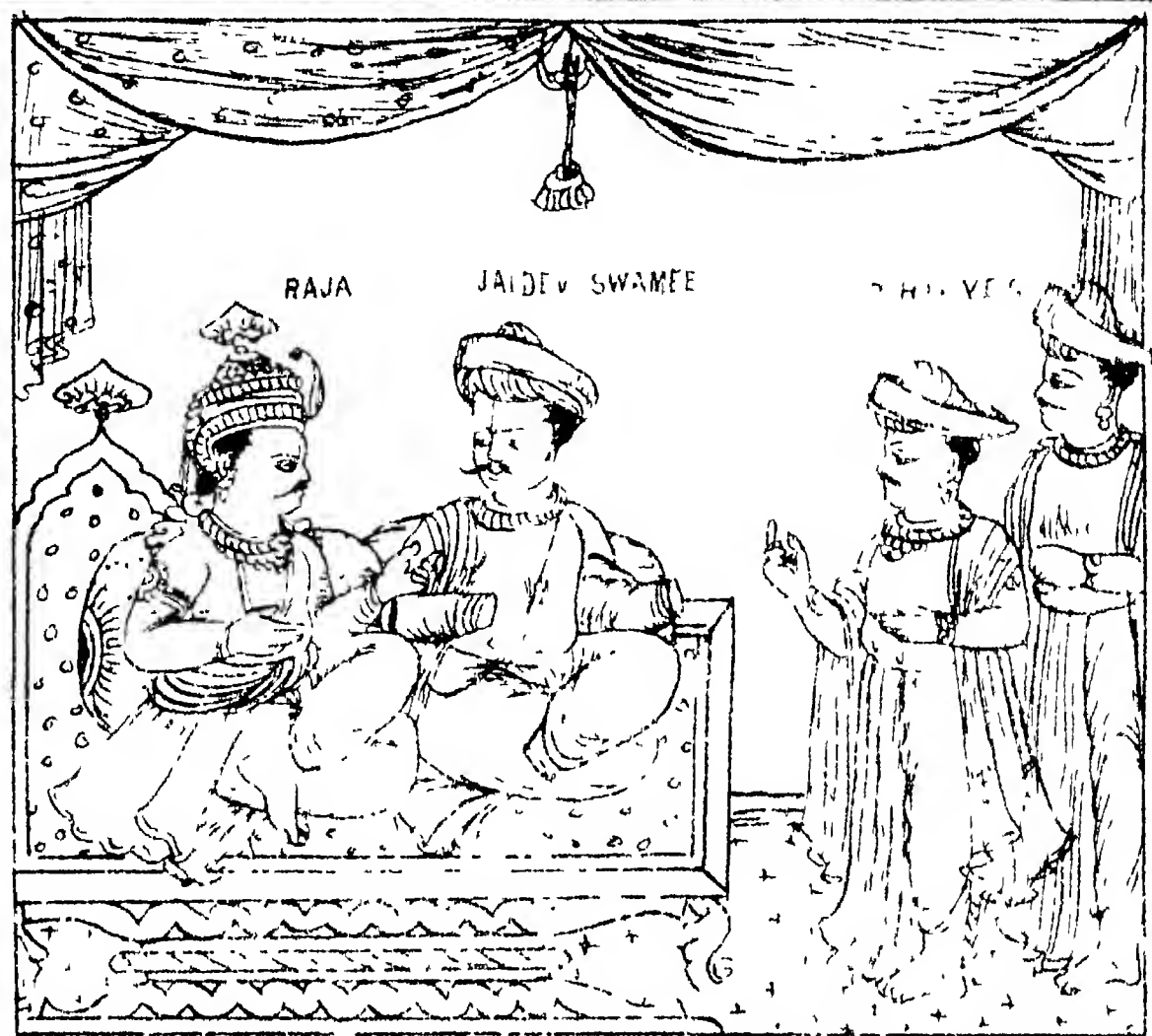
killed many monkey-warriors, and some monkeys fled for fear of life. At this time Maruti jumped in the air to lift up the boys with his tail but Kusha, perceiving his intention, let off a powerful arrow at him, which struck the monkey and brought him down. Kusha loudly said "Oh, ugly monkey. You destroyed the Asoka forest but here you can not do any-thing. The throwing of stones and mountains at demons was not a war. There is no Dronagiri here. You jumped over the sea and burnt Lanka. There is nothing like that here." In the mean-time, Sugriva threw trees at the boys but Lahu cut them up, and made Sugriva, Nila, Jambuvant, Angad and Maruti and other monkeys insensible in the field. Looking at this defeat Rama let off arrows at the two boys which the latter cut up and let off innumerable arrows, which filled the sky. Looking at the bravery of the boys Rama asked "Children of the Rishis? Listen to me, I shall give you what you want. I shall give you a cow, which will give you milk. I am pleased with you and will give you whatever you want." "We want nothing from you," replied the boys, but on the contrary we shall give you whatever you want. You can enjoy your own wealth. We have heard enough of you. You are such a heartless and cruel man that no one like you can be found on this earth. Sita, an innocent woman of virtue, you left alone in the forest. This is most wicked on your part." Listening to what they had said, Rama was moved with affection for them and thought of stroking their heads with tenderness. But the boys told him to continue fighting with them.

“Just tell me,” said Rama, “Who are you, who are your parents, which guru gave you education, who taught you dhanurvidya, science, arts, and mantras?” The boys heartily laughed and said, “This man does not feel for his brothers. He wants us to tell him stories. Sir, first fight with us and then ask us stories. You have killed Ravana and done many brave acts. Now let us see a little of it. We shall never allow you to depart without fighting with us. If you cannot fight with us, return home quietly or be a **sanyasi*, because you have no wife, no children.” Rama asked, “Tell me who you are, and then I shall fight with you.” In the mean-time, a voice in the sky said, “Rama, do not fight. The boys are your sons.” As soon as Rama heard what the voice had said, he fell insensible in the field. Kusha came up to him and, taking off his mugut, put it on his head. Lahu stripped Lakshuman of his ornaments and wore them himself. Having done this, they mounted the chariot of Rama and, tying up Maruti, Sugriva, Angad, Jambuvant and other monkeys to the chariot for the amusement of their mother, drove to their abode. They told Sita that they had made Rama and his brothers insensible in the field of war and killed all their warriors. “Here are the monkeys,” said they, “we have brought for your amusement.” Sita knew them and did not come out, because they might feel ashamed of their state. She

said to her sons, "Let the monkeys go away. We shall never keep them here." The boys then went and untied them. The monkeys came and informed Rama of what they had seen. In the mean-time, Valmika returned from Patal, and, having been informed of what had happened, he went and brought all the warriors to life by sprinkling water over them from his **Kamadalu*. The Rishi then gave the two³⁶ boys and Sita in charge of Rama, who heartily embraced them. Shortly after, Rama took leave of Valmika and returned to Ayodya with his sons and completed the ashwamedha.

* The water pot used by an ascetic and religious student.

FINIS.



BHAKTIVIJAYA.

A Brahman called Jayadevswami, who was a great devotee of the god, Vishnu, lived at Dubila near the temple of the god, Jaganath. While he was there, he wrote for the edification of the people on earth a *grantha** entitled Gita Govind, which treated of how one should devote himself to the god. Salvika, a king, also wrote a *grantha* on the same subject and circulated it among his people. All the Brahmans were against this work and praised that which was written by Jayadevswami. There was a great discussion about the merits of both the *granthas* ; and to put a stop to it, it was agreed that the works should be placed at night before Jaganath and that the work which the god would read, was better than the other. Whereupon both the works were placed before the god at night ; and when the worshipper of the deity opened the temple next day in the morning, he saw the god read the work written by Jayadevswami. The king became disappointed and wept before the god, who pitied him and embraced him heartily as his true devotee.

A Brahman, who resided near the temple of Jaganath, had a beautiful daughter called Padinawati. The god appeared to him in a dream and told him to give his daughter in marriage to Jayadevswami. The Brahman accordingly married his daughter to the devotee.

* A work or book.

Some time after his marriage his disciple, who was a pious and benevolent merchant, took him to his native country, where he stayed for a month. At the time of his returning home the merchant presented him with wealth, which he took and set out for his village. While on the road, he was over-taken by two thieves. He was afraid that they would kill him for the wealth; and, therefore, he left it there and proceeded on his journey. The thieves, having seen that the wealth was left on the road, apprehended that the Brahman would go to the merchant and get them punished, if they took the wealth. In order that he might not go to the merchant and report their conduct to him, they cut off his hands and feet and ran away with the wealth. In the mean-time, a king called Krocha came where Jayadevswami was lying. While conversing with him, the king found that he was a great sage and became his disciple. In the morning he brought his *guru** to his kingdom and worshipped him with all his heart and soul. One day the king asked him what charitable acts he should do, when the latter advised him to feed all the sages who came in his kingdom and present them with wealth. With a view to get wealth the thieves, who had cut off the hands and feet of Jayadevswami, came there in the disguise of sages. They recognized Jayadevswami, who was sitting with the king, and were alarmed, because their heads would be cut off, if their crime were brought to the notice of the

* A teacher.

king. Jayadevswami also recognized the thieves ; but instead of harbouring ill-feelings towards them he wished the king to receive them kindly and treat them better than all other sages. The king accordingly did it, and made them stay at his court for some days. Although the thieves were taken better care of than others, they became emaciated for fear of Jayadevswami. The king was alarmed that they were nearly reduced to skeleton and did not know what to do. He asked Jayadevswami the cause of their emaciation; when the latter told the former to send them away with much more wealth than was given to other sages. The king accordingly presented them with much wealth and sent his peons to escort them. While on the road, the peons asked the thieves why so much wealth was given to them by the king at the request of Jayadevswami, when they replied, "Jayadevswami and we were the servants of a king. He being our superior, we were under him. One day the king having ordered us to behead him for a horrible crime he had committed, we carried him to a desolate place for the purpose ; but instead of beheading him we only cut off his hands and feet out of pity and falsely told the king that they executed his order. Since that time we have become sages ; and out of gratitude towards us he told the king to give us much wealth." Listening to this lie the earth trembled and buried the thieves in no time. The peons returned to the king and reported the occurrence to him, when Jayadevswami shed tears for them and prayed to Vishnu for their rescue. The

god, having been satisfied with the devotion of the Swami, restored to him his hands and feet. The king then brought Padmawati to his country. She was faithful, pious, and benevolent. One day, the wife of the king received the news of the death of her brother and of his wife going to burn herself with his body. At that time Padmawati said, "Your sister-in-law ought to have laid down her life, as soon as her husband breathed his last; and if she had done so, she would have got the same husband in seven worlds. If I were she, I would do so." The wife of the king did not believe what Padmawati had said; and in order to test her she caused a false rumour to be circulated in the town to the effect that her husband was no more. No sooner did this rumour come to the ears of Padmawati than she expired in the presence of those who were sitting there. The king, who was absent, when the rumour was in circulation, was alarmed on his return and reported the sad event to Jayadevswami. Jayadevswami prayed to Vishnu, who appeared there and restored Padmawati to her life.

There lived in Hastanapur a Brahman named Atmaram, for whom the emperor, Akbar, had a great respect. He had a son called Tulsidas. The name of the wife of Tulsidas was Mamatayi for whom he had a strong passion and did not like to see her out of his sight. For many years he did not allow his wife to see her parents, who lived at a great distance from his village. One day he went with the emperor for a walk; and in his absence his wife went to see her pa-

rents. When he returned home, he was informed that his wife went to her parent's house. He did not feel well without the company of his wife and immediately set out on foot at night for the house of his father-in-law. When he reached there, he found that the doors of the house were closed ; and consequently he could not go in. He cried aloud the name of his father-in-law, but none answered him. He was so impatient to see his wife that he caught hold of the tail of a serpent, believing it to be a cord, and went in through an opening to the wall above the front door of the house. His wife, having seen him at night, was quite surprised, and asked him how he entered the house. He replied that he had caught hold of a cord which was hanging down and came in through the opening above the front door of the house. She said that there was no cord at all ; and in order to satisfy herself with the statement of her husband she went to the front-door with a lamp, and was alarmed, as soon as she beheld the serpent. Tulsidas said, " This is the cord which I had caught hold of." His wife replied, " It is a bad thing that a passion for me should blind you so much ! Thank God that the serpent has not stung you to death. You will do anything for the sake of your passion. I, therefore, advise you not to do the like again." Tulsidas repented of what he had done and replied, " I am very thankful to you for your kind advice ; and I shall not do the like again. I now give up my passion for you." Having given this reply to his wife, he retired to a forest and spent there twelve years in meditation. One

day he threw some unclean water on the ground in the forest, with which a devil appeased his thirst and of a sudden stood before him. The devil said, "For the last twelve years I have been thirsty. Although there are good many lakes here, I have no right to drink water from them, as they are as holy as any thing. I have got the unholy water thrown by you and refreshed myself with it. As I wish to repay your favour, please let me know what I should give you." Tulsidas replied, "I want you to show me the god, Rama." The devil replied, "There is an old Brahman who daily comes and sits at the place, where the Purans are read. He is Maruti, a great devotee of Rama ; and if you go to him and implore him, he will show the god to you. There are many old Brahmans who daily come there, and you will perhaps be not able to distinguish Maruti from others. I, therefore, tell you that Maruti in the disguise of a Brahman goes there early and leaves the place late." Having heard the devil, Tulsidas went to that place early and sat there. After all the Brahmans had left, he found there Maruti alone. He prostrated himself before him and said, "I should like to see Rama, and unless I see him, I shall not feel well." Maruti was pleased with the devotion of Tulsidas to Rama and showed him the god.

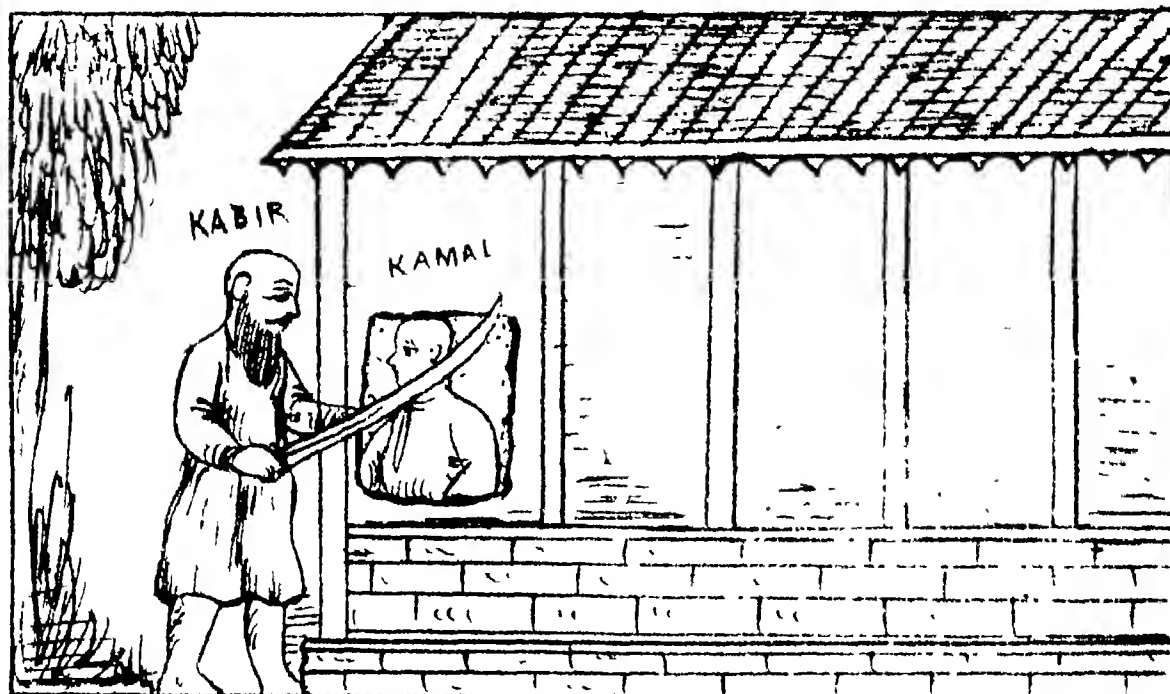
One day while Tulsidas was sitting in the temple of the god, where the Purans were read, two thieves came and sat there ; and when all were asleep, they attempted to make away with some ornaments. They came to the front door of the temple ; but two men, armed with

arrows, prevented them from escaping. They then went to escape through the other doors of the temple ; but they observed the same men. Whereupon they were frightened out of their wits and sat there whole the night. On the following day they were caught, but Tulsidas got them released and improved them by his lectures. They left off their pilfering habits and became good and pious. The men, who prevented the escape of the thieves, were Rama and Lakshuman. A merchant named Jayapal died. His wife much lamented for him and passed by the abode in which Tulsidas lived ; and on her return she stood before him for a while, when he blessed her and said, “ You are very faithful to your husband and as a reward for your virtue you will get eight sons.” The woman replied, “ I have lost my husband, and his body has been not yet removed to the funeral ground. I am, therefore, at a loss to know how your blessing will be realized.” Tulsidas, being in perplexity, prayed to Rama and went to the place, where the body of her husband was lying. As soon as he saw the body, it came to life ; and her husband got up and threw himself at his feet. The emperor, having been informed of this miracle, was to pay a visit to Tulsidas, but the latter himself went to the court of the former. Akbar received him cordially and sat on his throne with him. The emperor said, “ I will not allow you to go home, unless you show me Rama.” Tulsidas replied, “ No one will be able to see Rama, unless he be his devotee. And as you are not a devotee of Rama, I cannot show him

to you." Akbar, believing what Tulsidas had said was a humbug, began to cavil at him, when he prayed to Maruti for help. The monkey-god, having listened to his prayer, immediately appeared there with other monkeys and destroyed the palace of the king and every thing that belonged to him. Akbar was alarmed, and throwing himself at the feet of Tulsidas, implored his forgiveness. Whereupon Tulsidas told Maruti to with-draw the monkeys, and he with-drew them.

There lived in Pandarpur an old man named Damaji who was by profession a tailor, and his wife Gonayi was also an old woman. Damaji was a great devotee of the god, Vitoba. He, having no children, said to his wife, "We are very unfortunate that we have not got children. We are now very old and I do not know who will support us in our old age. I wish, we would get children." Gonayi replied, "We are old enough and your wish will not be fulfilled." Damaji, being hopeless, went to Vitoba and prayed to him. In the midst of his prayer the old man fell asleep; and in his sleep Vitoba told him to go to the river, Chandra Bhaga, and get the male infant which was lying there in a *supa*.* Damaji got up and immediately went to the river, where he found the infant. He brought it home and gave it in charge of his wife. They were very thankful to the god for the son given to them by him and brought him up with tenderness. The boy grew up and they called him Namdeo. From his early life

* A scuttle-form basket.



Namdeo was wholly devoted to the god and did not mind his household affairs. Damaji was extremely poor, and had no means to support his family and himself. Rajbai, the wife of Namdeo, bothered and troubled her husband much for wealth ; but he was so mad after Vitoba that he left off everything and always sat in the temple of the god in meditation. The god, seeing the indigent circumstances of his devotee, disguised himself as a merchant and went to the house of Damaji in the absence of Namdeo with a bag full of gold and presented it to Rajbai for her husband. She, full of joy, received the bag and, having opened it, bought with the gold all things for her household ; and when her husband came home, she received him very kindly.

One day while a weaver, named Kamal, was cleaning silk in the river, Rama, he found a male infant there, which he brought home and gave in charge of his wife. The infant son soon grew up, and they called him Kabir. Kabir was pious and a great devotee of the god, Rama. One day his mother told him to weave a silken cloth ; but while he was weaving it, he was absorbed in meditation ; and consequently he did nothing. The god came there and wove it for his devotee. His foster-mother told him to go to the market at the river and sell the cloth for a better price. He went to the market with the cloth ; but instead of exerting himself to sell it he was absorbed in meditation. At night he got up and hid himself into a hut with the cloth for fear of his mother. While he

was there, the god, in the disguise of a Brahman, went to him and requested him to present him with the cloth to test his generosity. Kabir at once tore the cloth into two pieces and gave one piece to the god. Rama became a *Fakir** and implored him for the other piece of the cloth, which he instantly gave to him. The god then went to his mother and told her that her son had become mad and that he had given the cloth to a Brahman and Fakir. His mother, having been greatly enraged at the conduct of her son, hastened down to the hut and gave him a slap, when the god, discovering himself to them, embraced them heartily. Soon after, Kabir got a son, and he called him Kamal. He was also a great devotee of Rama and as pious as his father. One day sages came to his house and requested Kabir to feed them. Kabir was so poor that he had nothing in his house to comply with the request of the sages. His wife, therefore, told him to go with Kamal to break into the house of the merchant who lived in her neighbourhood and steal rice and other necessary things from him, so that she might cook food and serve it up to the sages. Whereupon Kabir, accompanied by his son, went to the house of the merchant at night, when the latter was fast asleep. He made an opening to one of the walls of the house and told his son to go in. He entered the house through the opening and found in it much wealth, but he did not like to take it. He stole bags of rice and other ne-

* A mendicant.

cessary things and gave them over to his father through the opening. At the time of his coming out Kabir bade his son awake the merchant and tell him of the theft. He awoke the merchant and put his own head out of the opening, when the former seized the feet of the latter. Having no hope for his escape, he told his father to cut off his head and take it with him, so that nobody might know who he was. Kabir cut off the head of his son and carried it with the stolen bags and informed his wife of what had occurred, when she said, "It does not matter much. Our son was after all to die." So saying she cooked food for the sages and fed them to their heart's content. The sages took their leave and set out for their village. When they walked a few paces further, they saw the body of Kamal, which, without its head, was impaled on a *sul*.* Kabir, who had gone to see them off, informed them of all that had happened, when they touched the body and it came to life.

One day Kabir went to the market, and while he was going about there, he happened to look at a hand-mill in which a woman, named Janabai, was grinding wheat, and began to weep, when people of the place gathered around him, and asked him what the matter was. He replied, "I weep because I compare the state of a human being in this world with every grain of the wheat which is ground in this mill. Ah! poor soul suffers as much in this world as the grain in this

* An iron or a wooden stake.

mill." Having found that Kabir was in perplexity, the god in the form of a being, called Nipatnirajana, came there and advised him to be a disciple of a guru. Whereupon Kabir implored Ramnayeswar to admit him as his disciple, but the latter hesitated to grant his request, saying that the former belonged to a low race. Ramnayeswar however, looking at his devotion, admitted him as his disciple and gave him instruction on various subjects.

" One day while Kabir was singing hymns and praying to the god, his enemies circulated in his name a letter among all the sages in the town, inviting them to a prayer-meeting, in order that they might come in number and curse him, when he would not be able to attend to them. All the sages unexpectedly came where he was praying to the god. He was greatly surprised to see them there and thought that his enemies had played the trick. Finding that his devotee was in trouble, the god assumed forms of Kabir and attended to them to their entire satisfaction.

At Apegaum, near the river Ganga, there lived with his wife Nirabai, a *Kulkarni** called Govindpant. He was a great devotee of the god, Vitoba. He had a son named Vitoba, who was as pious as his father. With the permission of his parents he went on a pilgrimage and, visiting many holy places, came to Alkavati, where he bathed and began to say his prayer. In the mean-time, a Brahman called Shi-

* A village accountant.

dopant, also came there for ablution. Having seen Vitoba there, he bowed to him and entered into conversation with him. At nightfall he took him to his house and made him stay with him for a few days. While he was there, one day the god, Vitoba, appeared to Shidopant, in a dream and told him to marry his daughter, Rukmayi, to his devotee and he also told Vitoba to take his daughter for his wife. Vitoba was accordingly married to the daughter of Shidopant. Shortly after the marriage, they all went to Pandarpur and, having worshipped the god, Vitoba, returned to Apegaum. Vitoba then paid a visit to his parents ; and soon after, they died. He had no means to support himself and his wife ; and consequently he was reduced to the last extremity. His father-in-law, therefore, brought him to Alkavati ; and while he was there, one day he said to his wife, " I am now disgusted with this life and have, therefore, made up my mind to take the order of *sanyas*.* I, therefore, ask you to give me your consent for the purpose." Whereupon Rakmayi went and told her father that her husband was going to take the order of *sanyas*. Shidopant advised his son-in-law to change his mind, as he could not take the order, unless he had issue. Vitoba did not listen to his advice and took the order from Shripad, a holy man, without the knowledge of his wife. After some time the holy man came to Alundi where Ruckmaji was living. One day, she

* One that has cast off his worldly possessions and carnal affections.

went and worshipped him. He was pleased with her and blessed her, saying that she would get eight sons. She heartily laughed at the blessing, when he asked her the cause of her laugh. She replied, "My husband has been long since become a *sanyasi*,* and how can I be blessed with eight sons?" Whereupon he sent for Shidopant, who came there and informed him all that had happened. Shripad, therefore, went to Varanasi and reprimanded Vitoba, saying that he did not inform him when he took the order that he had no issue. Vitoba, leaving off the order of sanyas, returned to his wife; and soon after, he got three sons and one daughter. The sons were named Nivrati, Sopan, and Dnyaneswar and the daughter, Muktabai. When they all grew up, they became great devotees of the god, Vishnu. The Brahmans there upbraided and excommunicated them, because they were the children of a sanyasi. Their father, Vitoba, therefore, implored the Brahmans to admit his children into the caste on their performing a severe penance, but they refused to comply with his request, saying that his children would not be pure, unless they sacrificed their own lives, when Dnyaneswar said to his father, "None will be pure, even if he sacrifices his life. To be pure, one must be a devotee of the god, Vishnu; and if he prays to him with all his heart and soul, it is not necessary for him to undergo any penance." Notwithstanding these observations Vitoba went with his children on a pilgrimage and, visiting

*. Abandonment of all worldly possessions and earthly affections.

many holy places, returned to his village ; but the Brahmans still refused to admit him into their community. One day a number of the Brahmans sat at a holy place repeating by heart the Vedas. Dnyaneswar happened to be there, when the Brahmans looked upon him with contempt and said, "Thou art a son of a sanyasi ; and, therefore, thou art disqualified to hear the repetition of the Vedas." Dnyaneswar replied, "What is the use of your repeating the Vedas like a parrot without understanding them ? Even the he-buffalo, which is standing there, can repeat the Vedas better than what you do." So saying he went up to the place where the animal was standing ; and as soon as he placed his hands on it, it began to repeat the Vedas better than what the Brahmans did. All were greatly surprised and believed Dnyaneswar to be a holy and godly man.

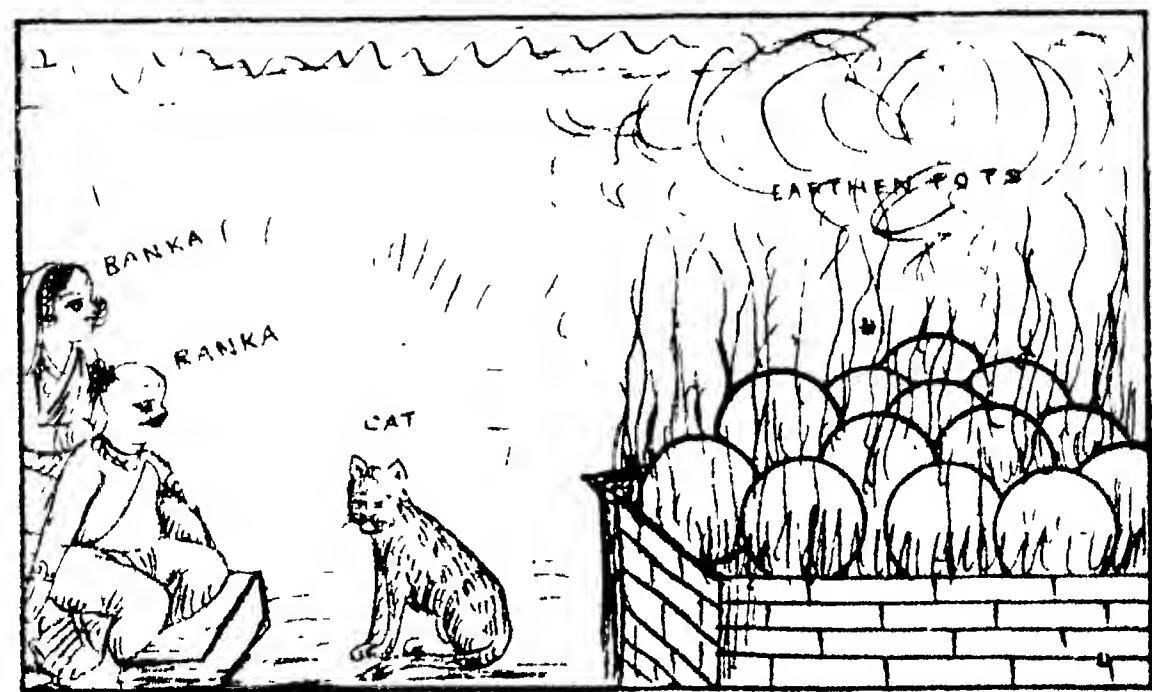
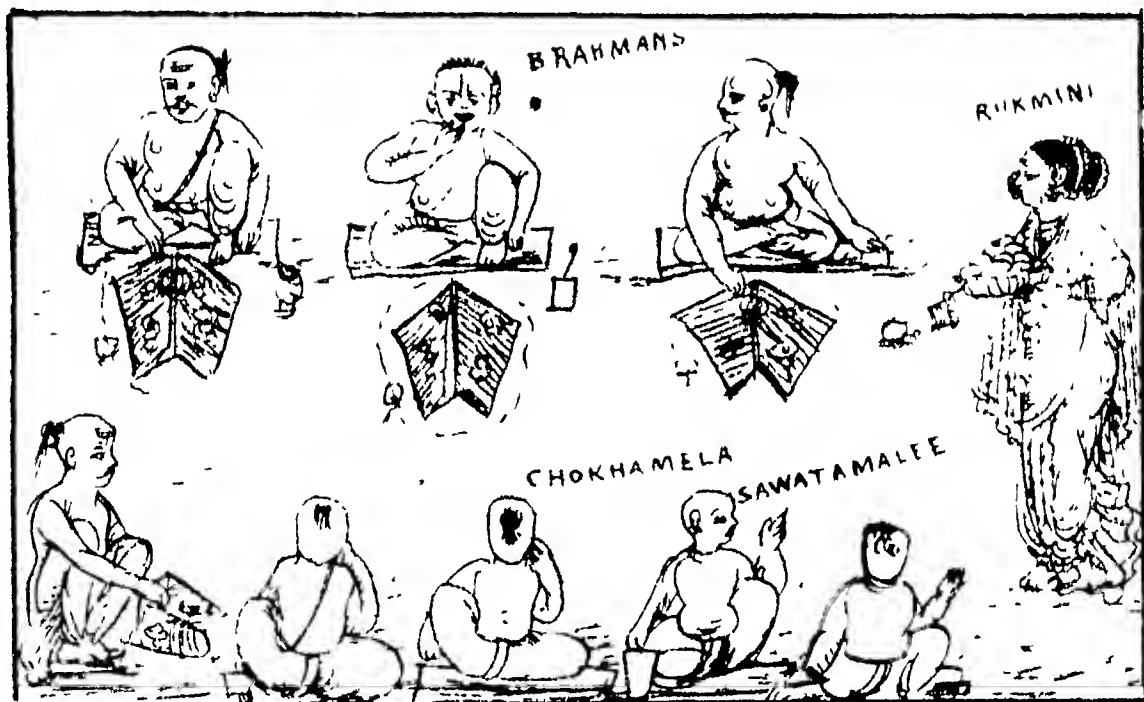
One day a Brahman performed a *shradha** of his deceased parents and wanted to invite some Brahmans to dine with him on the occasion. But on that day he did not get a single Brahman ; and consequently he was very sorry. In the mean-time, Dnyaneswar went there and said to the Brahman, "You need not be afraid. If you do not get Brahmans, I shall bring down your parents from heaven ; and you will be very glad to see them dine with you." So saying he brought down the parents of the Brahman, who dined with them with much pleasure.

* A funeral ceremony observed at various fixed periods, for a parent deceased.

One day Nivrati told his sister, Muktabai, to bake *mandas** for him and his brothers. She, having a great affection for her brothers, consented to bake the *mandas* for them. But she, having no stove, went to a potter, who lived close by, to buy one from him. There was a wicked man called Sidopant, who, being an enemy of the children of Vitoba, severely beat her and told the potter not to give her any stove. The potter, who was indebted to Sidopant in a certain sum of money, did not give her a stove, as the Brahman threatened him that he would press him for his money. Muktabai, who was sorely disappointed, returned home with tears in her eyes. In the mean-time, Dnyaneswar came home and asked her what the matter was, when she informed him of what had occurred. Whereupon he produced fire from his mouth and told his sister to prepare the *mandas* on his back and bake them in his mouth. She did it, and baked a number of *mandas*. In the mean-time, Nivrati and Sopan came home ; and after a while all sat together and ate the *mandas*. The Brahman, Sidopant, having seen what had passed in the house, immediately went to Dnyaneswar and, throwing himself at his feet, implored his forgiveness. Having witnessed the miracles performed by Dnyaneswar, all the Brahmans and other people believed in him and treated him with respect and reverence.

After some time Dnyaneswar saw Namdeo at

* A preparation of wheaten flour.



Pandarpur and said to him, "As I am going on a pilgrimage, I request you to accompany me." Namdeo replied, "I cannot comply with your request, unless I take permission of the god, Vitoba." Whereupon Namdeo went to the god and implored him to give permission to go with Dnyaneswar. The god was unwilling to part with his devotee; but for Dnyaneswar he granted his request. Namdeo and Dnyaneswar went on a pilgrimage and, visiting many places, arrived at Hastanapur. While he was there, he preached to the people and prayed to the god. Many women and men, leaving off their business, attended his preachings. The king of Hastanapur, having got enraged at this state of things, attended one of his preachings and cut off the head of a cow in the presence of all the people there, saying that if Namdeo did not restore the animal to its life, he would cut off his head also. Whereupon Namdeo was in perplexity and prayed to the god. The god instantly came there and brought the cow to its life. As soon as the king was informed of this miracle, he went to Namdeo and, throwing himself at his feet, implored his forgiveness.

• — One day sages came at night to the house of Kabir, when all the people in the Bazar were fast asleep. Kabir and his wife cordially received them. They said, "We are very hungry. We have not eaten anything for two days. We, therefore, beg that you will be kind enough to give us food to eat." Kabir and his wife were exceedingly sorry, because

they were so poor that they had nothing in their house to give them. However, the wife of Kabir went to the Bazar in the dead of night to procure some provision on credit ; but all the merchants in the Bazar were asleep except one *Vani** who was sitting at his shop with grains and other goods. The wife of Kabir said to him, "Many sages are at our house and ask us for food. We have not got anything in our house at this hour. I, therefore, request you to supply me with necessary things. I shall positively pay for them to-morrow." The Vani, who was struck with her beauty, replied, "I shall be very glad to give you as much provision as you like without receiving anything from you, but what I want from you in return is your love." The woman, who was very pious and faithful to her husband, said to herself, "Unless I feed him on hopes, he will not give me any provision, and the poor sages will have to remain without food." So saying to herself, she said, "Very well. I shall be very happy to comply with your wishes, if you supply me with necessary things." "Then give me your word", returned the Vani, "at what hour you will be here." "I shall be here after an hour," said the woman. The Vani said, "Very well then, take as much provision from my shop as you like." So saying he supplied her with grains and other necessary things which she received and brought to her house. She cooked food and served it up to the sages, which they heartily ate and blessed Kabir and his

* A merchant.

wife. Immediately after, the woman drew her husband aside and told him on what condition she had brought the provision from the Vani, when he said, "You must now fulfil the promise given by you to the Vani." So saying he carried his wife on his shoulders to the shop of the Vani, when the latter repented of what he had done and, throwing himself at her feet, regarded her as his mother ; and this circumstance made the merchant pious and good.

— There lived in Kurma a Brahman called Kurmadadas, who was a great devotee of the god, Vitoba. He was without hands and feet. One day he made up his mind to visit the god at Pandarpur, and spoke to the other people at the village on the subject. The people said, "It will be very difficult for you to go to such a distant place, because you are without hands and feet ; and years will elapse before you reach there." Although the people were against his going to Pandarpur, Kurmadadas did not change his mind and set out by moving along the road that led to Pandarpur. When he moved at a considerable distance from his house, the god pitied his devotee and went to him in the disguise of a merchant and asked him what his name was. "My name is Kurmadadas," replied the devotee. "Will you kindly tell me who you are and why you have come here ?" "I am a merchant," continued the god, "and have come here to sell my goods. I shall in a day or two return to my village which is near Pandarpur." "I am going to visit Vitoba at Pandarpur," said Kurmadadas, "but as I am without hands and

feet, I shall not be able to reach that place soon.”

“Do not be afraid,” replied the god. “I shall accompany you half the way. I am not going to my village so soon.” At the nightfall they put up at the temple of Maruti on the road, where the god cooked food and served it up to Kurmadas. On the following day the god disappeared, and Kurmadas moved along the road and came half of the way. The other pilgrims met him and said, “Kurmadas, you will not be able to reach Pandarpur in time. The fair will be over before you go there.” “I am very unfortunate that I shall not be able to go to the fair,” replied Kurmadas. “But dear friends, kindly remember me to the god and inform him of my state.” The pilgrims arrived at Pandarpur at the time Namadeo was praying to Vitoba. After the prayer was over, the pilgrims informed the god of the real state of Kurmadas. Whereupon the god was moved with pity and immediately set out with his favourite devotees, Namdeo and Dyaneshwar, to visit him. On the road Vitoba entered the garden of Sanvatamali who was also his devotee whom the god visited and proceeded further. They reached where Kurmadas was sitting. The god, having embraced him, said, “What do you want from me ?” “What I want from you” replied Kurmadas, “is that you should always stay at Pandarpur and visit your devotees.” Since this time, it is said, the idol of Vitoba has been placed in the temple at Pandarpur.

—One day the god, Vitoba, gave a feast to all his

devotees including Chokamela, Sanvatamali, Narahari Sonar and others. Rukhamini, the wife of the god, served up the dishes. The god himself ate with them without distinction of caste, creed or color; and all were grateful to him.

—There lived in Pandarpur a potter called Kaka with his wife, Banka, and daughter, Vanka. They were great devotees of the god, Vitoba. He supported himself and his family by selling earthen pots, which he himself made. One day he placed some pots in his house with the intention of burning them in his kiln. But, in the mean-time, his she-cat brought forth youngs in one of the pots, which the potter did not know. Next day he removed all the pots to his kiln and began to burn them in it. The cat came and sat there purring all the time the pots were being burnt. The potter inferred from the pur of the cat that it had brought forth youngs in one of the pots and that they were burnt in the kiln; and this inference was confirmed by the fact that the cat did not at all move from the place. The potter and his wife were in difficulty and prayed to Vitoba to keep the youngs safe in the kiln. The god listened to their prayer; and the youngs came out, to their great surprise, as soon as the kiln was cool. The potter was disgusted with his calling and, having left it, distributed to the Brahmans all that he had in his house and supported himself and his family by selling fuel in the Bazar. One day Vanka went to a lake to wash her clothes. The daughter of

Namdeo had also gone there to wash her dress. Vanka bathed in the lake and told the daughter of Namdeo to see that the water from her dress would not fall upon her, because, she said, it would pollute her. The daughter of Namdeo indignantly said, "You are a daughter of a potter, a low man. Are you not ashamed to say that you will be polluted by the water from my dress?" "I know," replied Vanka, "that your father has become a devotee of the god by breaking his head against the temple of the god and not by true devotion. Whereas my father is not so." At these words the daughter of Namdeo got enraged and told her father what Vanka had said. Namdeo pacified her and asked the god about Raka. The god informed him that the potter was a great devotee. The god then, accompanied by Namdeo and Rukhamini, went and visited the potter.

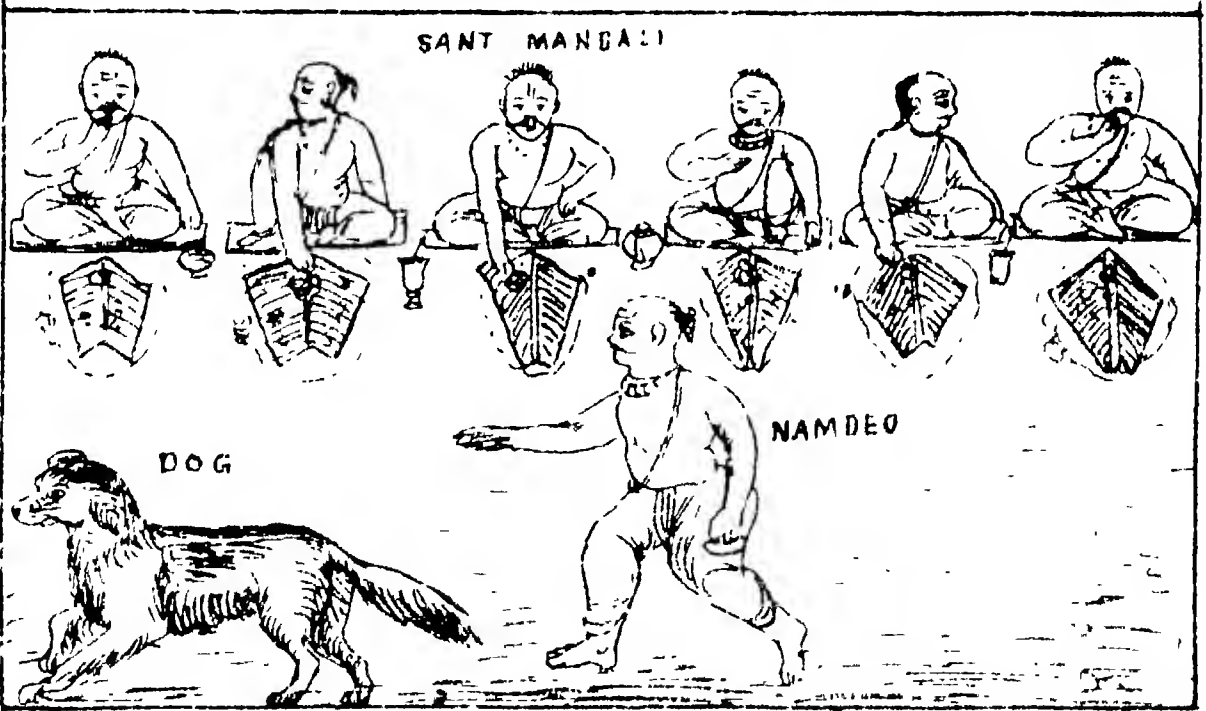
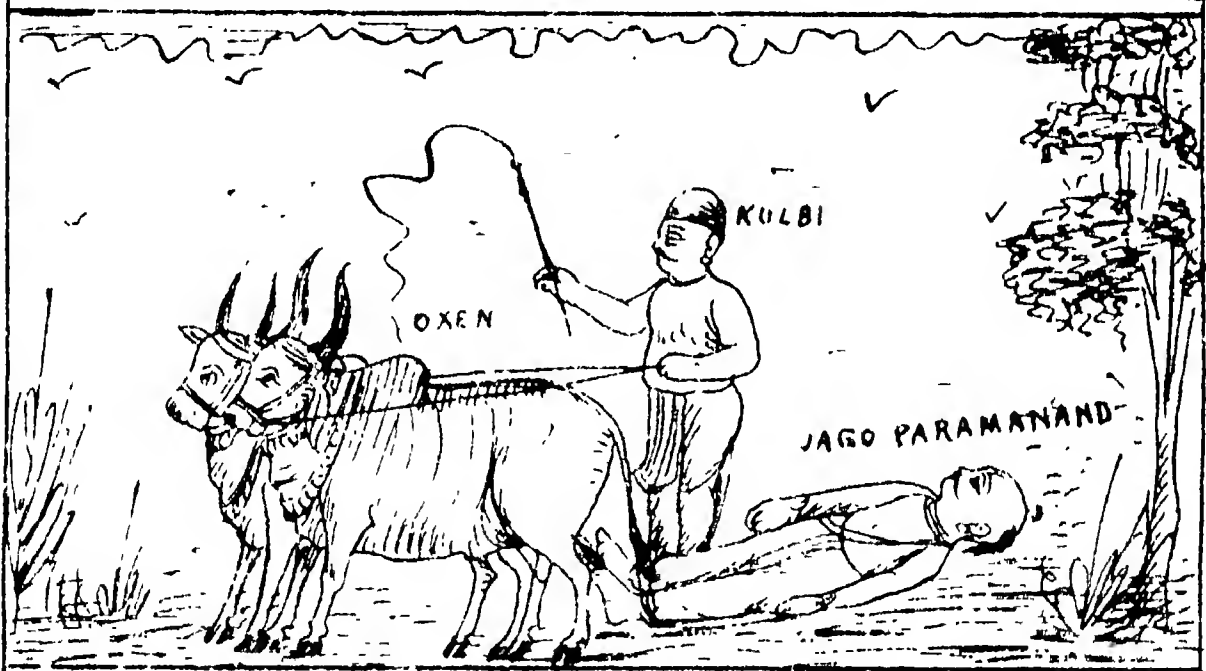
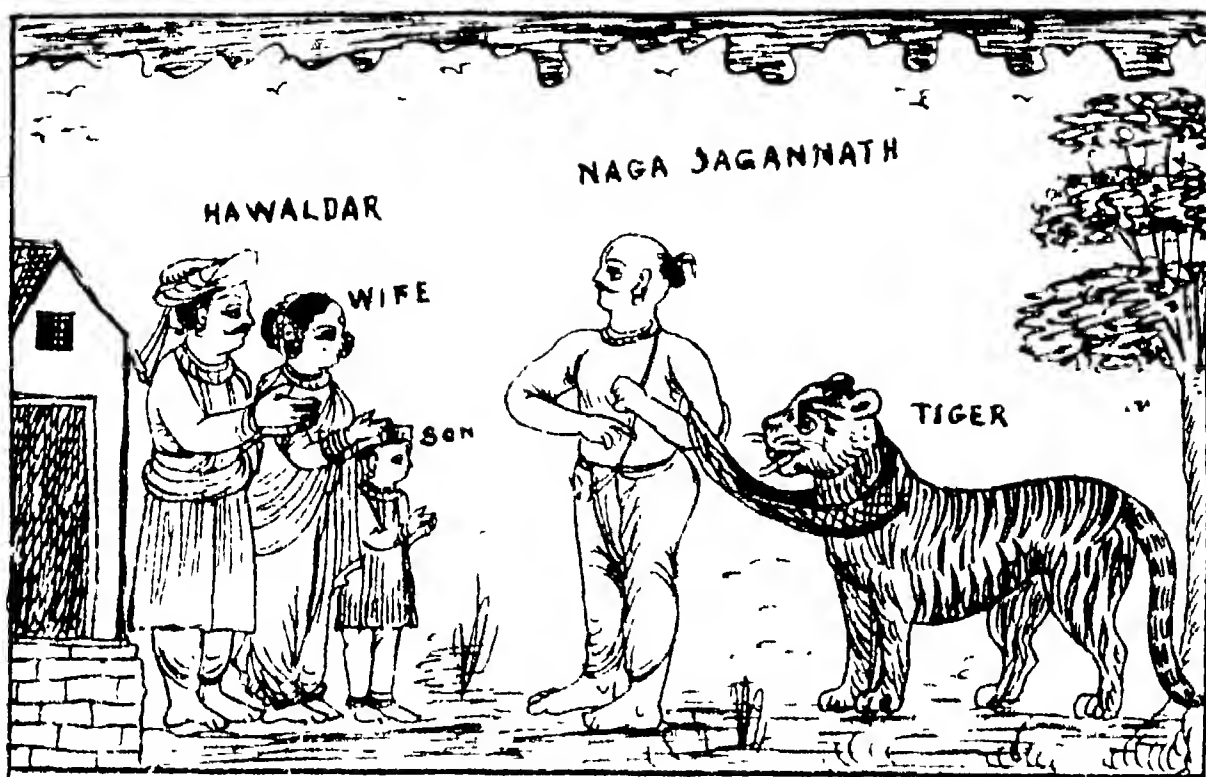
— There was another potter called Gora Kumbar, who lived at Pandarpur with his wife and son. He was also a great devotee of Vitoba and always prayed to the god. One day whilst he was absorbed in meditation, he trampled his infant son under his feet in his compound and killed him. His wife, who was out on business, returned home and lamented for her son. She asked her husband what the matter was with her son but he did not answer her. She, therefore, pushed him for his answer, when he replied, "Why do you disturb me? By your disturbance the god who had come into my heart, has left me. I, therefore, swear by my god that from this day I am not your husband." So saying

the potter refused to live with her. Whereupon she wept and, having gone to her parents, told them what her husband had done. She said to her father, "As I am now without issue, it is a great disgrace to our family. I, therefore, beseech you to give my sister in marriage to my husband, so that we may get progeny by her." Her father replied, "What is the use of my giving your sister in marriage to that mad man. He does not know what he is about." His daughter much pressed her father to marry her sister to her husband, and he accordingly gave her in marriage to him. The potter also refused to cohabit with his second wife. One day he, accompanied by his two wives, attended the preaching of Namdeo. The god, Vitoba, who was also there, looking at the devotion of the potter, heartily embraced him and blessed his two wives, when the first wife said to the god, "We are very unfortunate that we have no issue. I had got one son but he was killed by his own father when in meditation." As soon as she spoke these words, the infant son whom the potter had killed, came playing where Namdeo was preaching. His mother took him in her arms and kissed him with joy.

—One day Rukhamini, wife of Vitoba, was pleased with a Brahman called Bhagavat and presented him with a *paris** telling him at the same time that he should not at all part with it. He however handed it over to his wife, Kamalja, who touched to it as much

A stone which makes iron gold, if it is touched to it.

iron as she liked and produced gold from it. She sold the gold in the Bazar and bought provision in its exchange. Namdeo was in indigent circumstances and had nothing to eat in his house. One day his wife, Rajbai, took loan of the paris and, having touched iron to it, produced gold, which she sold in the Bazar and bought provision in its exchange as Kamalja did. Rajbai prepared many viands and sat at her door anxiously expecting her husband. Namdeo came home and, having seen a sudden change in his household affairs, was greatly surprised. He asked his wife from where she brought the provision. "Why do you want to know about it," replied she. "You can quietly go and eat your dinner." "Why are you not going to answer my question?" said Namdeo. "I shall never eat a morsel of food to-day." "I took loan of the paris given by Rukhamini to the husband of Kamalja," replied Rajbai, "and, having produced gold from it, bought the provision in its exchange." "Where is the paris," said Namdeo. "Here it is," replied she. So saying she placed the paris before him, which he took and threw in the river, Chandrabhaga, and sat there in meditation. The husband of Kamalja asked his wife where she placed the paris. "I have given it to Rajbai," replied Kamalja. "Why did you give it to her against my wishes," said the husband. "As she much entreated me," replied she, "I gave it to her." "Very well," said the husband, "Just go and get the paris immediately here." Kamalja went to the house of Rajbai and demanded from her



the paris, when the latter said, "My husband has just taken it and will return it this evening." She, being very impatient, went and informed her husband about it. Whereupon she and her husband came to the house of Namdeo and, taking Rajbai with them, went to the river where Namdeo was meditating, and asked him where the paris was. "I have just thrown it into the river," replied Namdeo. Kamalja and her husband pressed Namdeo much to return to them the paris. Whereupon Namdeo dived into the river and, having brought several stones out of it, told them to take their own out of them. They could not distinguish their own paris, saying that they all were stones. Namdeo, therefore, brought needles and touched them to the stones one by one and, to the great surprise of all, the needles became gold. Kamalja and her husband praised Namdeo and returned home without the paris.

—At Parli, a village, there lived a Brahmin called Nagajagonath with his family. He lived upon alms. He was a great devotee of the god, Vitoba. He had two enemies who were very jealous of him. One day at night they set fire to his hut, while he and his family were asleep, but the god protected them by causing the fire to burn the roof of the hut only. The people of the village, having seen the hut of Nagajagonath on fire, were greatly alarmed and said that the poor Brahman and his family were burnt in the fire. On the following day they all went to see the ruin but, to their great astonishment, they found

that not a spark of the fire fell on the inmates of the hut, who slept in their beds quiet comfortably. This incident made the people believe that Nagajagonath was a great sage and they respected and revered him. One day the people proposed to present him with a field, so that he might live upon its produce with his family and that he might not have to take the trouble of going to beg for alms. Nagajagonath refused the proposal, saying that he would devote his attention to the god rather than to the field. Whereupon the villagers requested him to give his consent to bestow the field in chariot in his own name, so that the produce of it might be distributed to mendicants. Nagajagonath consented to it and the villagers established the charity. One day a havaldar came to the village and seized the field, saying that the revenue of it was not paid. The villagers said, "It is a charitable property endowed in the name of the great sage, Nagajagonath. We, therefore, request you not to assess the field." "If Nagajagonath," replied he, "is a true sage, let him bring here the god, Vitoba, in the form of a tiger; and if he does this, I shall not assess the field." No sooner did the havaldar speak these words, than the god took the form of a tiger and came where Nagajagonath was standing. Nagajagonath tied round his neck a piece of cloth and came with the animal where the villagers lived. All were alarmed and did not know what to do. The havaldar fled and shut himself with his family in his house. Nagajagonath went to the house of the havaldar with the tiger. The latter trembled

from head to foot with fear. His wife said to him, "On account of you the tiger will devour us all. You are an old man, and if you are devoured by the animal, it does not matter much. Please, therefore, go out of the house at once, so that we may not be devoured by the tiger with you." Nagajagonath felt compassion upon the havaldar and returned home with the tiger.

—There lived in Barsi a great devotee called Jogoparmanand. He lived with his family upon alms. One day he sat in the rain, saying his prayer to the god, Vitoba. A merchant happened to be there and, having been pleased with the devotion of Jogoparmanand, offered to present him with a *pitamber*,* when the latter said, "I do not want such a rich cloth from you. A rag will do for me." The merchant however dressed him in the *pitamber* and proceeded to another village. Jogoparmanand, while praying to the god, paid much attention to the cloth and consequently he neglected his prayers. He repented of this and gave the *pitamber* to a kunbi in exchange of his two bullocks, and requested the latter to substitute him for his cart and whip the bullocks with as much force as he could. The kunbi did it, and the bullocks ran so furiously that he was bruised and bled all over his body. The god ran in alarm after the bullocks and, having stopped them, rescued his devotee.

One day while all the devotees, of the god were

* A silken cloth.

dining, the god took the form of a dog and rushed into their dining-room. The animal being unclean, all the devotees, except Namdeo, drove it out but in the confusion the animal carried off a piece of the bread which was in the plate of Namdeo. Namdeo, who knew that the god was in the form of a dog, ran after it with a dish full of ghee and begged the animal to eat the piece of the bread with the ghee.

—There was a fair at Pandarpur. A man, accompanied by his daughter, named Janabai, a girl of the age of seven years, came to the temple of Vitoba. The little girl became a great devotee of the god and begged her father to leave her alone at the feet of Vitoba. He complied with her request and went to his village. She was alone at Pandarpur and would always sit at the door of the temple. One day Namdeo came to the temple and, having looked at the girl, asked her who her parents were. "I have no one here," replied she. "My parents are the god, Vitoba, and his wife, Rukhamini." Namdeo felt compassion upon the little girl and took her to his house. He gave her in charge of his mother, Gonayi. Janabai grew up and worked in the house of Namdeo as a maid-servant. One day the god was invited by Namdeo to a dinner. They all sat to dine, but they did not admit Janabai into their company, because she was a servant. After the dinner was over, Gonayi gave her leavings of the food eaten by the god, which she took and went to her seat. In the meantime Vitoba visited her and asked her for some food,

as he was very hungry, when she replied that she had nothing to give him except the leavings of the food eaten by him. "It does not matter," said the god. "The leavings will answer my purpose." So saying he partook of the leavings with Janabai with a great relish. Janabai always ground grains in the house of Namdeo. One day the god himself joined her in grinding grains to lessen her labour. Gonayi went and asked her who the other person was. "I am Vitabai," replied the god. "Janabai," said Gonayi, "why do you want an assistant to grind the grains? You are a lazy beast. You do not like to work. You give grains to that person and get the work done for you." So saying Gonayi took a stick and struck the head of the god with it. Namdeo immediately went there and informed his mother that the person whom she beat with her stick was the god, Vitaba, who had come here to fulfill the wishes of his devotee, Janabai. Namdeo, throwing himself at the feet of the god with his mother and wife, implored his pardon.

—One day Siva was praying to the gods, Rama and Bramhadeo, in the ocean. His wife, Parwati, said to him, "You are the chief god. Are there any other gods superior to you, so that you should pray to them?" "You do not know," replied Siva, "who I am and to whom I pray. It is I who created Rama and Bramhadeo and to whom I pray for my good." Siva then gave an explanation to Parwati of who he was, but she being asleep at that time, a male child in the womb of a fish heard the explanation and responded

to it. Soon after, the fish brought forth a son who was named Machadranath. He grew up to man-hood and, being a great devotee of Siva, went on a pilgrimage. He visited many holy places and came to a country. He lived on alms. One day he went to the house of a merchant and asked his wife for alms. She came out and gave him some rice which he took and was about to depart, when she, throwing herself at her feet, implored him to bless her with a son. Whereupon he gave her some ashes for the purpose and told her to swallow them up. She took the ashes and told her neighbour all about them. The neighbour said, "Do not believe such impostors. If you swallow up the ashes, you will become a bitch. Do you know what these rogues do? They change by their charms handsome ladies into animals and carry them wherever they go; and at night they restore them to their former forms and commit outrage upon them. I, therefore, tell you for your good to throw the ashes somewhere and give up the idea of them." The woman believed what the neighbour had told her and threw the ashes on a dung-hill. After twelve years Machandranath again came to the house of the very merchant and asked his wife where her son was, when she told him what had happened. Whereupon he asked her where she threw the ashes. She showed him the place where the ashes were thrown by her. He dug up the dung-hill and found in it a young lad of the age of twelve years. He made the lad his disciple and named him Gorakhanath. The wife of the merchant became

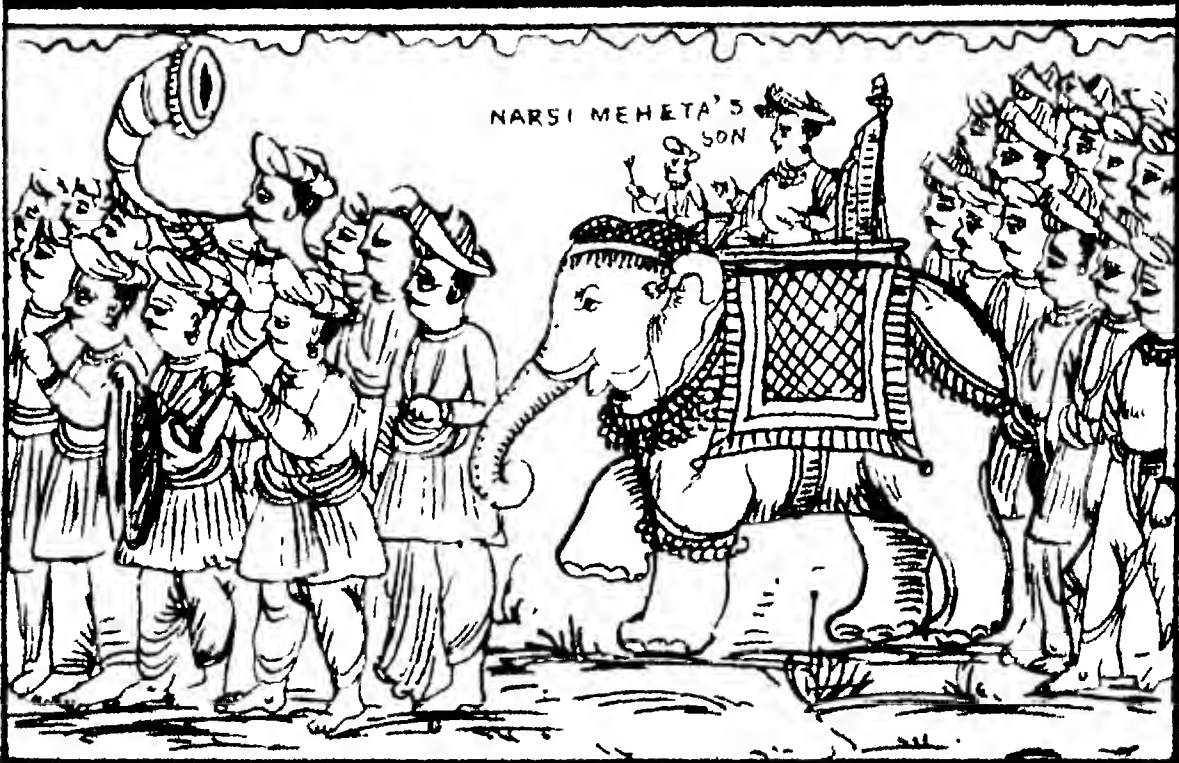
very sorry for what she had done ; but Machadranath blessed her at her entreaties, saying that she would get another son. He then, accompanied by his disciple, went to another country. He put up at a distance from the city and sent his disciple for alms. Gorakhanath went to the house of a merchant. At the time he went there, the merchant gave a feast to the Brahmans. *Vadas** were made for the feast. The wife of the merchant gave some vadas to Gorakhanath, which he brought and gave to Machandranath, his guru or spiritual guide. The guru ate them ; and they being agreeable to his taste, he told his disciple next day to get for him vadas and nothing else. Gorakhanath again went to the city ; and although he passed from door to door, he could not get vadas for his guru. At last he went to the house of the merchant where he had got the vadas. He asked his wife for some more vadas, when she replied, “Yesterday there was a feast at our place ; and as the vadas were made for the feast, I gave some of them to you. I have not got now vadas to give you. “I shall not return to my abode,” said Gorakhanath, “unless I get vadas, because my guru is very fond of them. I love my guru so much that I shall do anything for him.” “If you are so much devoted to your guru,” continued she, “pull off your one eye and give it to me.” As soon as she spoke these words, he pulled off one of his eyes. The merchant’s wife was alarmed, because the police

* Pies fried in oil.

would arrest her. She, therefore, immediately made vadas and gave them to him, which he took and brought to his guru. The guru asked him what the matter was with his eyes, when he informed him of all that had happened. "As you are so much attached to me," said the guru, "let me have your another eye. Whereupon Gorakhanath pulled off his another eye and gave it to his guru. Having been convinced of the devotion of his disciple to him, he restored his eyes.

—There was another devotee called Changadeo. He preached to the people at his village and made about fourteen hundred disciples. One day he rode on a tiger and went with pride to visit Dyaneswar at Alkavati with his fourteen hundred disciples. Dyaneswar sat on a wall at that time and, seeing that Changadeo was coming to him on the back of the tiger, ordered the wall to move with him to receive him. As soon as Changadeo saw this miracle, he alighted from the back of the tiger and humbly implored his pardon.

—There was in Pandarpur a shoe-maker called Chokamela. He was a great devotee of Vitoba. While the god was in the temple, he took him in it, though the doors of it were closed. The Brahmans of the place were enraged and said to themselves, "This shoe-maker has polluted the temple and everything here. We, must therefore, get rid of him as soon as possible." So saying to themselves they told Chokamela to depart from Pandarpur at once and live at some other place. Chokamela accordingly left Pandarpur but the god went there and dined with him.



Metha into a gopi and took him to Dwarka, when the god, Vishnu, danced and played with the gopis in the rasmandal. Nursi Metha was introduced to Vishnu, who also blessed him.

—At Shampur in Junagad there lived a rich merchant, called Tripurantaka. He had a beautiful daughter. She being marriageable, he told his *Purohīts** to find a husband for her. Krishna Bhat, one of the Purohīts, came to Nursi Metha and said, “My master has got a handsome daughter. She being marriageable, he has asked me to find a husband for her. As your son is a good and intelligent young man, he wishes to give the girl in marriage to him.” “I am a poor man,” replied Nursi Metha, “and it is not good to have connection with a rich man.” “It does not matter,” said Krishna Bhat, “your son is intelligent and he will be also rich.” Nursi Metha having consented to the marriage, the priest finally settled with him all about it and returned to his master. On hearing from the priest of the settlement Tripurantaka was exceedingly sorry, and said, “Nursi Metha is a beggarly creature and it is below my dignity to give my daughter in marriage to his son.” “If you now break the settlement,” replied the priest, “I must cut off one of my fingers and give it to Nursi Metha according to the custom of the country.” Whereupon Tripurantaka said to himself, “If I now break the settlement, the poor Brahman will have to lose his finger. Nursi Metha is a wretch-

* Priests.

ed man ; and if I fix to-morrow for celebrating the marriage, he will not be ready by that time, and without any trouble the settlement itself will fall through.' So saying to himself he called Krishna Bhat and sent a word to Nursi Metha that to-morrow was fixed for celebrating the marriage and that he should make all preparations for the purpose and come with his son. Nursi Metha was in difficulty ; because he was so poor that he had not got any-thing in his house, and was, therefore, unable to prepare himself to go with his son at the appointed day. However he took his son with him and, repeating the name of the god, Vishnu, set out for the village, where Tripurantaka lived. But on the road the god formed for his son a procession consisting of a large number of women and men, musicians and dancers, elephants and horses and, seating the bride-groom on the back of one of the elephants, went to the house of Tripurantaka with a great pomp. Tripurantaka was greatly surprised and did not know what to do. At last the marriage was celebrated, and the god returned home with the elephants and horses.

—A Brahman called Keshava Bhat set out on a pilgrimage to Dwarka, the country of the god, Vishnu. He arrived at the village where Nursi Metha lived. As the road that led to Dwarka was infested by robbers, he asked some one there whether there was a good merchant at the village, who could receive the money he had brought and give him a *hundi** at Dwar-

* A bill of exchange.

ka. The man whom the Brahman had asked, was a wicked man and told him that Nursi Metha was a great merchant at the village and that if the money was paid to him, he would give a hundi on his agent in Dwarka. Nursi Metha was greatly surprised when the merchant asked him for a hundi on his agent, and thought that some wicked man had played the trick. However he said to the Brahman, "I have got an agent at Dwarka whose name is Savalsa. If you pay your money to me, I shall give you a hundi on him." Whereupon Keshava Bhat paid the money to Nursi Metha, which the latter distributed to mendicants and gave the former a hundi on Savalsa. On his arrival at Dwarka Keshava Bhat looked for the agent; and not finding him there he was in difficulty. In the meantime, the god, Vishnu, in the form of a merchant, went to him and, having told him that he was Savalsa, paid the hundi.

—Rohidas, a shoe-maker, was a great devotee of the god, Vishnu. He always worshipped an image of the god and used for the purpose the pots made of leather. Though he was a man of the low caste, the god liked him and paid him a visit.

—One day there was a ceremony in honor of Nursi Metha's daughter having come to her age. Her father had nothing with him to make a present of ornaments and dress to his daughter on that occasion and, therefore, his neighbours laughed at him. Whereupon he said to them, "Please do not laugh at me. Just write down on a piece of paper what ornaments and dress

you wish me to present to my daughter, and I shall be happy to give them to her." On hearing this from him his neighbours called him mad ; but one wicked man brought a blank sheet of paper and made a list of ornaments and dress and told him to get the things. Nursi Metha asked the wicked man, "Do you want any thing from me?" "I want," replied the wicked man in jest, "a big stone." "Very well, you will have it," said Nursi Metha. So saying he prayed to the god, Vishnu, who, listening to his prayer, disguised himself as a Brahman and came there with the ornaments and dress as noted on the paper and a stone for the wicked man. The people asked the god in disguise, "Who are you and where have you come from?" "I am an agent of Nursi Metha," replied the god, "and have come here from Dwarka to make a present of ornaments and dress to my friend's daughter." Having thus replied, he presented the ornaments and dress to the daughter of Nursi Metha and the stone to that wicked man. The wicked man was ashamed and repented of what he had done.

—There lived at Dakur a Brahman called Ramdas. He was a great devotee of the god, Vishnu. He always went to Dwarka from Dakur and worshipped the god. He became old and weak ; and consequently he was unable to go as usual to Dwarka. One day he went to Dwarka with the greatest difficulty and worshipped the god. He stayed there for some days ; and as he was very weak, he could not return to Dakur on foot. The god, therefore, seated him in his chariot

and drove to Dakur with him. In the morning the worshippers of the god could not find him in his temple and, having suspected Ramdas of stealing the image of the god, hastened to Dakur. Ramdas ~~was~~ alarmed and threw the image into a well. The Brahmans asked Ramdas, "Where is the image of the god?" "I do not know any thing about it," replied Ramdas. Whereupon the Brahmans searched for the image in all wells and every other place in vain; but at last they found it in one of the wells. Ramdas went and said to the god, "What can I do now? If you are carried to Dwarka, whom should I worship? I implore you to live here permanently and not to allow yourself to be carried by the Brahmans to Dwarka." The god said to Ramdas, "If you wish me to be here, tell the Brahmans that you will give them gold in exchange of the image." "How can it be," replied Ramdas. "I have not got a grain of gold except a small ear-ring belonging to my wife, which will not answer the purpose, as the image is very heavy." "It does not matter much," said the god. "If the image is put into a scale, it will be as light as the ear-ring; and I am sure they will agree to leave the image here in exchange of the ear-ring." Ramdas accordingly told the Brahmans to leave the image at Dakur in exchange of gold and promised them that he would give the gold equal to the weight of the image. The Brahmans having agreed to it, he brought the ear-ring and weighed it with the image; and they were found equal in their weights. Ramdas then gave the ear-

ring to the Brahmans, who returned to Dwarka with it leaving the image at Dakur.

—Two Brahmans named Kulian and Brahmachari, came from Rammeswar to Mathura where Kulian was laid up with fever. His companion, Brahmachari, attended upon him and nursed him. Kulian became well ; and as a reward for the service rendered to him, he promised Brahmachari that he would give him in marriage his daughter. Soon after, he, accompanied by Brahmachari, returned home and told his wife and son about it, when his wife said, “What of that? What business had you to promise the wretched man that you would give our daughter in marriage to him? Persons always fall ill ; but I have not seen any man in my life that he has thoughtlessly promised to give his daughter in marriage to his companion for the service rendered to him during his illness. I shall never consent to my daughter’s being married to that idler. If you have given him your promise, marry another wife ; and when you get a daughter by her, give her in marriage to him.” On account of this there was a great dispute, and it was referred for decision to an arbitrator. The arbitrator asked Kulian, “Who was present, when you gave the promise to Brahmachari?” He replied that the god, Vishnu, was present. “If you get the god here,” said the arbitrator, “and prove what you say, your wife will consent to the marriage.” Whereupon Kulian went to Mathura and returned with the god, who testified that the promise was made by him to his companion in his presence. On the evi-

dence of the god all consented to the marriage, and Brahmachari was married to the daughter of Kulian.

—One day Akrurar went to the abode of Satyabhama, the second wife of the god, Krishna, when she said to him, “I am very glad to see you here to-day. Krishna is your great friend and does whatever you tell him to do. He has now ceased to come to me and I am, therefore, very anxious to see him. If you do not bring him now here, I am determined to commit suicide.” In order that she might not kill herself Akrurar took the form of Krishna and stood before her. In the mean-time, Krishna came there and, finding Akrurar in his form, cursed the latter, saying that he would be born blind in the world below. Satyabhama was also cursed to be a slave. When Akrurar was thus cursed, he imploringly said to the god, “There is no fault on my part. I took your form simply to prevent Satyabhama from committing suicide on account of you. I, therefore, beseech you to visit me in the world below.” The god granted his request and went away. Soon after, Akrurar was born blind in the world below and Satyabhama a slave as cursed by Krishna. Akrurar was called Surdas. One day he came to Mathura and sat praying there to the god, Krishna. There was a king whom Tanasen always entertained with singing. Tanasen was an eminent singer and it was the opinion of the people there that no one could excel him in that science. But Surdas was the best of all singers. The king, having been informed of his singing, invited him one day to his palace where



he preached to the females of the house-hold of the king and sang religious hymns. The king and all the females were pleased with him, and expressed their opinion that Tanasen was inferior to him in the science of singing. Whilst the preaching was going on, the god visited Surdas and Satyabhama and released them from the curse.

—There lived a *navi** called Sena. He was a great devotee of the god, Vishnu. He was in the service of a Mahomedan king. One day while he was sitting and praying to the god, the king sent his servant to call him, when his wife said, “My husband is engaged in praying to the god, and will not be able to come now.” The servant went and told the king what the wife of the navi had said to him. The king was greatly enraged and sent other men with a peremptory order to bind him and throw him into a well. The god, having known the order, immediately took the form of his devotee, the navi, and went to the king. As soon as the king saw him, he was quiet and calm. The navi began to shave the beard of the king, when the latter observed around him the form of Krishna with four hands. The king was very much taken with the form and did not like to leave him, but the navi said, “Please allow me to go, as I have much work to do elsewhere.” The king allowed him to depart and went to bathe. In the mean-time, his own navi came, when he asked him to show the form which he had shown him some

* A barber.

time ago. The navi was greatly surprised and said to himself, "No doubt the god was here and shaved the beard of the king for me." The king, having been informed of this, thanked the navi, saying that the god paid him a visit owing to his devotion.

—There was a king called Satvika, who lived at Jaganath. He was a great devotee of the god, Krishna. He always worshipped the god. One day he was engaged in playing at dice, and while playing, he stretched his left hand to receive the *nivedya** which the Brahmans had distributed. The Brahmans refused to give him the nivedya, because he had stretched his left hand to receive it. The king was sorry for what he had done and said to himself, "I have offended my god, and my left hand is the cause of it. I must, therefore, get rid of it." So saying to himself he told his minister to watch in his bed-room the devil who always opened the door of it while he was asleep, and cut off his hands, as soon as he attempted to open the door. One day the minister stood at the bedstead of the king with his open sword; and at mid-night he beheld a hand reaching the door of the room, which he cut off as ordered by the king. But it was found that the hand, which was stretched towards the door, was that of the king who had ordered it to be cut off, because it was the cause of his offending the god. The hand was then removed and planted in a garden. In his palace the king had another hand in the place of

* Offerings to a god.

the one cut off by the minister, and all were astonished at it.

—There was a merchant called Janajaswant. He was blessed with wealth and five sons. He was a great devotee of Rama and gave feasts to mendicants. His sons, who were wicked, did not like that his father should waste his wealth that way ; and they, therefore, reported his conduct to the king there. They said to him, “ Our father has become mad and wastes his wealth in feeding idlers. The wealth he has got is yours, and it will be one day or other useful to you. We, therefore, request you to bring him here under arrest and punish him, so that he may not do the like again.” The king was as wicked as the sons of the merchant and at once ordered his servants to arrest him and bring him to his court. The servants went and brought him to the king, when the latter said to him, “ How is that you have wasted my wealth in feeding idlers ? Who told you to do so ? ” “ My god, Rama, told me to do so,” replied the merchant. The king got indignant and immediately ordered the merchant to be bound and thrown into a river. The servants accordingly bound him and threw him into the river, when the god, Rama, assumed the form of a tortoise and supported him on his back. The king was alarmed and unbound him with his own hands. The merchant then forgave his sons and the king for the crime they had committed and advised them to be good in the future.

—The emperor, Akbar, was pleased with Surdas and appointed him the chief of Matura. Surdas al-

ways revered and worshipped sages. One day he, having opened the treasury of the state, distributed wealth to the sages and gave them feasts. His minister went and informed the emperor that Surdas had ~~wasted~~ 'eighty lacs and ten thousand rupees from the treasury for bad purposes.' Akbar was enraged and deputed his officers to bring him to him at Hastanapur under arrest. The officers went to Matura and besieged the palace of Surdas, who, finding himself in difficulty, was alarmed; and in order to keep them quiet and pleased, he gave them a luxurious entertainment. And when all were asleep, he fled at night to a forest and began to meditate there. The officers, who were afraid because Akbar would punish them for their carelessness in allowing Surdas to escape, came to the emperor and informed him of the true fact; and at the same time they handed over to him a packet containing a letter in the hand-writing of Surdas stating that he had paid the money for charitable purposes and imploring the emperor to pardon him for what he had done. As soon as Akbar read the letter, he became indignant and said to the minister of Surdas who was at his court, "How is that you have told me that Surdas wasted money for bad purposes. You are a downright liar and deserve no sympathy." So saying the emperor severely punished him and notified the world that those who gave information of the whereabouts of Surdas, would be handsomely rewarded. Surdas, having been informed of the notification, appeared before the emperor, who embraced him and

said, "Please pardon me. It is not my fault. It is the minister who had played the trick. I now beg of you to forget all and take charge of Matura" "I wish to leave my family," replied Surdas, and devote myself to Vishnu; and unless I go to a solitary place, I shall not be able to carry out my wishes. I, therefore, beseech you to let me depart." "You can do it as well," continued the emperor, "while remaining with your family. I do not think that the step you are going to take, is prudent. I, therefore, request you to go to Matura and take charge of it." Whereupon Surdas complied with the wishes of Akbar and governed Matura as before. Though Surdas was a great personage, yet he was very humble; and to try his humility one day a devotee asked him while he was in his palanquin to take care of his shoes until he returned from the temple of the god, Vishnu. To serve him he immediately alighted from his palanquin and took charge of the shoes of the devotee.

—There lived a man who was a great devotee of Vishnu. He was named Murar. He and his disciples always washed the feet of sages with water and worshipped them; and having done so, they sipped the water. One day a group of sages having come to his village, Murar deputed his disciples to wash their feet and worship them. They went and worshipped them as usual; but there being a leper among the sages, one of them was disgusted at him and did not wash his feet with all his heart. Having worshipped the sages, they came to Murar with a small quantity of the water.

with which the feet of the leper were washed, and gave it to him. Murar sipped it, saying that it did not taste well and that some one of the disciples did not worship a sage with all his heart. Whereupon the disciple, who was disgusted at the leper, confessed his short-coming. Murar, therefore, immediately went to the leper himself and, having washed his feet with water, sipped it with all his heart. Dayarnava was the guru of Murar. A king, who always worshipped the guru, presented him with four villages and gave him all documents concerning them. A wicked man having concealed those papers, the villages were attached. Dayarnava, therefore, sent his disciple, Murar, to that wicked man to have the attachment removed by entreaties and persuasion. Murar set out for the village where the wicked man lived. This wicked man, having been informed of Murar's coming to his village, posted a powerful elephant in his way to kill him. But as soon as he came near the animal and advised it to be good and pious, it became meek and devoted itself to the god, Vishnu.

—The king of Udepur had a beautiful daughter called Mirabai. From her infancy she, having a religious turn of mind, was devoted to the god, Vishnu. She played on a tanbura* and sang hymns in praise of the god. The people of the place laughed at her parents and said, "The king has now become mad. He has no shame whatever. Instead of marrying his

* A stringed instrument of music.

daughter to a good prince he has allowed her to lead an idle life." This talk of the people having come to the ears of the king, he said to his daughter, "I must now marry you at any rate. The people laugh at me on account of you." "I am already married to the god, Vishnu, and serve him day and night," replied Mirabai. "I, therefore, refuse to consent to a second marriage." "You have become insane," continued the king. "Will you tell me how one can marry an image made of a substance? If you do not obey me, I shall poison you." "I am not at all afraid of it," replied Mirabai. "You may poison me or cut off my head but under any circumstances I shall not leave my god and marry a mortal thing." Whereupon the king got indignant and gave her a cup of poison, which she took and sat before the image of her god in meditation; and immediately after, she swallowed up the contents of the cup. The poison she had drunk, had no effects upon her. It had a taste of nectar, but the colour of the image of the god became green by the effects of the poison she had swallowed up. The king, having been informed of this miracle, immediately came to his daughter and threw himself at her feet, saying that she was a true devotee of the god. The king then said to his daughter, "Will you kindly tell the image of the god to change its colour?" Whereupon Mirabai prayed to the image, and its colour was changed.

—There lived a Mahomedan king in Bedar. There lived also a man called Dama Pant, who was a great.

devotee of the god, Vittoba. He being an honest man, the king gave in his charge all granaries and treasure which were at Mangalabede, which was at a distance of two yojans from Pandarpur. There was a great famine in the Decan at that time; and consequently a number of people died. One day a Brahman came to Damaji Pant and implored him for a morsel of food. The latter felt compassion upon him and invited him to dine with him. Dishes were served up, when the Brahman began to weep. Damaji Pant asked him why he wept. "Sir," replied the Brahman, "I have got small children at my house who are dying of hunger." Damaji Pant, who was of a kind heart, was moved at what the Brahman had told him; and after the dinner was over, he presented him with two bags of grains. The Brahman set out for his village with the bags; but when he reached his house, the famine-stricken-people snatched the bags from him. The people, having been informed of Damaji Pant, went to him for help. Whereupon he opened the granaries of the king and told the people to take from them as many bags of grains as they liked. The people exhausted the granaries in no time and went to their houses with grains. By this charitable act many lives in the country were saved by him. A wicked Brahman, who was there, informed the king that Damaji Pant had allowed the granaries to be plundered by the people. The king was enraged and sent his officers to bring him to him under arrest and made up his mind to have his head cut off. The officers

went and arrested Damaji Pant, when the god, Vit-toba, in order to save the life of his devotee, wrote a letter and, having made on it the signature of Damaji Pant without his knowledge, and calling himself Vitu, came to the court of the king with the letter and a bag and delivered them to him. The letter statedⁿ as follows :—

“ I understand that you are enraged at me, because I have allowed your granaries to be plundered by the people. I assure you that no-body has plundêred your granaries. I have sold your grains for higher price for your benefit. I am coming with your officers but, in the mean-time, I send per bearer a bag full of *mohars** which please tell your officers to count and put into your treasury.”

The king, reading the letter, was exceedingly sorry that he had sent his officers to arrest the innocent man. Agrecably to the letter he ordered his treasurer to count the mohars which the latter began to count but the bag produced so many mohars that he was unable to count them and that there was no room left to treasure them up. In the mean-time, Damaji Pant was brought to the king under arrest, when the latter immediately ordered him to be unbound and, throwing himself at his feet, implored his pardon. Damaji then met the god on the road and accompanied him to Pandarpur, where he passed his life in devotion.

—There lived a prostitute, called Shama, at the

* Golden coins.

village, Mangalvede, near Pandarpur. She had a very beautiful daughter named Kanopatra. One day Shama said to her daughter, "You are a hand-some girl ; and if you go to the king of this place, he will be charmed with you and marry you. I, therefore, bid you follow me." "I have made up my mind not to marry mortal beings," replied Kanopatra, "I am devoted to the god, Vitoba." Shama did not press her. Soon after, pilgrims having visited the village on their way to Pandarpur, Kanopatra accompanied them ; and they all came to Pandarpur. She played on a *tanbura** and sang religious hymns with other devotees. There was one bad man at the temple of Vitoba. He went and informed the king of her beauty and charms. Whereupon the king sent his officers to call her at his palace. The officers went to her and acquainted her with the order of the king. They told her that if she did not obey his order, she would be forcibly dragged before his court. Kanopatra was greatly alarmed, and said to the officers in a supplicatory tone, "I am bound to obey the order of the king but before I come with you, please let me go into the temple and worship the god." The officers allowed her to go into the temple. She went to the god and, having thrown herself at his feet, implored him for protection, when the latter hid her in his lap, where she instantly died and her soul was absorbed into him. Her dead body was buried by the worshipper in the compound of the temple,

* A small guitar.

where, it became a tree called Turatī, which, it is said, is still standing at Pandarpur. The officers of the king stood outside the temple for some hours; but Kanopatra having not come out, they made enquiries about her, when the worshippers informed them that she died in the lap of the god and that her body, which was buried in the compound of the temple, became a tree. The officers did not believe what the worshippers had told them and, suspecting them of having concealed her with some bad motive, brought them to the king under arrest. The worshippers, when asked by the king, told him what had happened and requested him to come personally to Pandarpur with them. Whereupon the king came to Pandarpur with them and, having satisfied himself with what the latter had told him, returned to his palace.

—There was an emperor, called Shanta Bramahani, who ruled for many years in his empire and at last repented of the sinful acts he had committed in his life. One day his wife took him on the upper story of his palace and began to talk with him. In the meantime, their servant brought for them plantains for their tiffin, which they ate and threw the peels of the fruits on the ground, when one of the mendicants, who had come there for alms, entered the palace and began to eat the peels. Looking at the mendicant she said to her husband, “How that mendicant could come in. What the sentinels are doing at the door?” The emperor got enraged, and punished the sentinels for their carelessness. Whereupon the sentinels went and kick-

ed the poor mendicant. The emperor was moved with pity and ordered his sentinels not to beat him. He asked the mendicant, "Why did you laugh, when you were being beaten by the sentinels?" "I laughed," replied the mendicant, "because if I received so many kicks on my back simply for eating the peals, what punishment you and your wife would get for eating the pithy substance of the plantains?" The emperor repented of what he had done and one day sat in a forest abandoning his family, kingdom and all other things. In the mean-time, pilgrims having passed by the forest, he accompanied them to Pandarpur. On their arrival at Pandarpur he visited the god, Vitoba, and prayed to him for prudence and wisdom. The god was pleased with him, and placed at his pillow a book of wisdom and prudence, while he was asleep. As soon as he was awakened, he was surprised to find the book at his pillow; and believing that the god had presented it to him, he read it and became wise and prudent. At this time a sage, called Sahajanand, was there. Shanta Brahamani visited him and told him about the book. Whereupon Sahajanand blessed him and called him Mratyujaya. Receiving the blessing from Sahajanand he went and settled at a village called Narayanpuri. Bhavaraja, who was a *lingayet*,* became his disciple and received from him a blessing. His companion laughed at him, because he received the blessing from a guru who belonged to a low order.

* An individual of a sect who worship the lingam and carry the representation of it suspended around the neck.

Bavaraja went and told Mratyujaya what his companion and other people had said about him ; but he told him not to mind it. There was a king whose name was Kasipati. He was benevolent and a great devotee of Siva. He fed every day ten thousand lingayets. One day he invited these people to a dinner ; and when they were about to dine, their *lingams** disappeared to their great surprise. All were alarmed, and could not eat their dinner, unless they had on their persons the lingams. They asked the king what they should do to recover the lingams. " I believe," replied the king, " one of you has insulted a *sadhu*† and that may be the cause that the lingams have disappeared." The lingayet, who had insulted Mratyujaya, informed the king of what he had done. Whereupon the king told them to go to Mratyujaya and implore him for his pardon. All the lingayets accordingly went and threw themselves at the feet of the sadhu, when the latter called two dogs before him and told them to produce the lingams. The dogs came and vomited ten thousand lingams which they had swallowed up. The lingayets took the lingams and went to their respective houses.

—There was a Brahman, who was a devotee of the sun. He had got an infant son. His father always instructed him in the Vedas. One day his son having made a mistake, he got angry with him, which he did not like and left the house of his parents. There being no place where he could go and live, he hid him-

* The Phallus of Siva.

† A saint.

self in an 'under ground temple. There was an image of the sun in it whom he worshipped with all his heart and soul. Looking at the firm mind of the boy, the sun was pleased with him, and taking the form of a man, appeared to him and gave him milk to appease his hunger. Immediately after, the sun discovered himself to him and said, "If you be in any difficulty, pray to me, and I shall help you." His parents were in anxiety about him ; and though they searched for him at every place, they could not find him. One day the boy came out of the temple, when a Brahman saw him and told his parents that their son had hidden himself in the under ground temple dedicated to the sun. Whereupon they, accompanied by their neighbours, went to the temple and, finding that their son was fast asleep on the lap of the god, awoke him and brought him home. They called their son Bhanudas, because he was a devotee of the bhanu or sun. His father did not teach him the Vedas any longer ; but shortly after, he was married to a daughter of a Brahman in order that he might learn the ways of the world. In the mean-time, he lost his parents, and his family solely depended upon him for support. He did not try to earn bread for himself and his family. All the time he was engaged in the devotion of the god, sun. A neighbour pitied him and one day said to him, "You and your family are starving, and yet you pass your time in devotion. I provide you with money and you can deal in goods and earn bread for you and your family. You may repay my money whenever it is convenient for you to

do so." Bhanudas having consented to this, the neighbour recommended him to other shop-keepers and requested them to teach him the ways of a trader. Bhanudas received from the neighbour money and set up a shop in the market. He bought goods and placed them at his shop for sale. The other shop-keepers began to teach him their usual tricks and ways of deceiving constituents. But Bhanudas did not listen to them and sold his goods with honesty. He would tell his constituents that he had originally bought such and such goods for so much price and that so much profit he would get on each article. The people liked him for his honesty and bought goods from his shop. Not a single person bought any article from other shops and consequently the shop-keepers became jealous of Bhanudas and sought an opportunity to ruin him. One day a *Haridas** came to their village and performed a *Kirtan*.† Bhanudas attended this kirtan ; and in his absence the other shop-keepers spitefully let his horse loose and distributed his goods among themselves. The god, taking the form of a Brahman, caught the horse and stood with it in the market, expecting every moment Bhanudas there. The shop-keepers kept up abusing their rival, when the god made robbers rob them of their goods and horses. In the mean-time, Bhanudas returned to the market and, finding that his horse was caught by a Brahman, went up to him ; but the man instantly disappeared. Bhanudas walked with his

* A celebrator of the praises of a god with music and singing.

† Celebrating the praises of a god with music and singing.

horse towards his shop, when all the shop-keepers informed him of their misfortune with tears in their eyes. Bhanudas thought that it was the god who had come to help him ; and, finding that there was nothing in the world, he distributed his other goods to the other shop-keepers and passed his life in the devotion of his god.

—A Brahman from Pandarpur travelled for wealth. He came to Vidyanagar and, having visited the king of the place, acquainted him with his wishes. Whereupon the king told him that he would just go to the temple of the goddess, Ambika, for worship and that he would attend to him, as soon as he returned from the place. The Brahman also accompanied him to the temple. The king worshipped the goddess with a great devotion. After the worship of the goddess was over, he said to the Brahman, “ Did you see the temple of the goddess ? It is built of silver. And where as the temple of your god, Vitoba, is built of earth and *chunam*.* My goddess is very powerful and your god is nothing before her.” At these words the Brahman was enraged, and replied, “ You are proud of your temple and goddess ; but the temple of my god is built of gold and every thing there is gold. Do you know your goddess is a maid-servant of my god ?” “ I shall come with you to Pandarpur,” the king indignantly continued, “ and if I do not find there what you have just described, I shall behead you.” The Brahman

* Lime.



was alarmed, and praying to the god, Vitoba, said to himself, "My god, all know that your temple is built of earth and **chunam*, and yet I told the king in the heat of discussion with him that it was made of gold. I, therefore, implore you for protection." The king set out for Pandharpur with the Brahman ; and when he arrived at the city, he found that the temple was made of gold, that every thing there was gold, and that his goddess swept the veranda of the temple. Having seen this all, the king became a great devotee of the god, Vitoba. One day the king said to the god, "I wish to take you to my country, Vidyanagar, and place you in a temple there. I, therefore, implore you to comply with my wishes." The god was pleased with him and replied, "Take my image to your country and I shall permanently settle there." Whereupon the king carried the image to Vidyanagar and placed it in a temple there well locked up. At Pandharpur all the devotees were sorry that the image was carried by the king to Vidyanagar. For fear of the king they did not know how to recover the image but Bhanudas said that he would get it back to Pandharpur at any rate. So saying he went to Vidyanagar and stood before the temple, when the locks removed themselves and admitted him into the temple. He said to the god, "You have left us all. All your devotees cry and weep for you. I have, therefore, come here to take your image again to Pandharpur." "I shall think about it," replied the god, "just take this necklace for you which is put by the king around my

neck. You can wear it and see me again to-morrow." Bhanudas put around his neck the necklace and went to the bank of the river, Narmada, to bathe. As soon as he left the temple, the locks came and put themselves on the doors of it. In the mean-time, the king came as usual and began to worship the god, when he found that the necklace on the neck of the god was missing. He was greatly enraged, and sent, in all directions, his officers to find out the thief. The officers made enquiries about the thief at several places, but they could not find him out. They at last came to the bank of the river and arrested Bhanudas with the necklace around his neck. He was bound and brought to the court of the king, who ordered him to be impaled on a †*sul*. The officers were about to impale him, when he implored them to allow him to worship the god, Vitqba, once for all. They pitied him and allowed him to go into the temple. He went to the god and accused him of the mischief. When he came out of the temple, he was removed by the officers, where the *sul* was fixed, but, to their great surprise, they found that it was converted into a pleasant plant. The king was informed of this miracle, when he thought that it was the doing of the god to rescue his devotee. Bhanudas then brought the image of the god and placed it in the temple at Pandharpur.

—There lived a Brahman called Bayarambhat. He always preached to the people the doctrines of the Vedas. One day he sat down to a dinner, and the dish, served

† A stake on which criminals are impaled.

up by his wife, being sour, he asked her the cause of it, when she replied, "You, being an old man, have now lost taste." He got insulted and resolved to become a *paramahansa* in order that no relations and friends of his might entreat him to return to his family. With this resolution he went to a Mahomedan Cazi and became a Mahomedan. But he, being soon disgusted with the life of a Mahomedan, again became a Hindu by undergoing a severe penance. Yet he had no peace of mind. He would often say, "If I call myself a Mohomedan, there is still a mark of circumcision on my body and if I call myself a Hindu, there are still holes in my ears, the marks of a Hindu." Thus he was raving like a mad man. At last he went to his guru called Naganath. The guru, looking at the state of his mind, at once struck him with his rod and ordered his disciples to pound him in a mortar. The disciples accordingly pounded him and reduced him to powders, into which the guru infused life and restored him to his former state ; and thus he was cured of his madness.

—Eknath, grand-son of Bhanudas, and a disciple of Janardan Pant, lived at Payatan. He kept accounts for his guru. One day he made a mistake in his accounts and sat day and night to rectify it ; and when he found the mistake, he was transported with joy, and heartily laughed. His guru, Janardan Pant, who was standing near him, asked him why he so heartily laughed, when he replied that he had found out the mistake. Whereupon the guru said, "If you put your heart and soul in-

† An order of devotees.

to the devotion of the god, Datatraya, as you have done it in finding out the mistake, the god will surely bless you. I, therefore, tell you to devote yourself solely to the god." So, saying the guru made up his mind to lead him to the god. One day he took Eknath to a forest, where the god in the form of a Mahomedan and, riding on a horse, appeared to them. Eknath was afraid of him and did not move from the place where he was standing. The god said to Janardan Pant, "I have brought some tiffin for me, and I shall be very glad, if you partake of it with me. Tell that your companion also to join us." As soon as the god uttered these words, Eknath said to his guru, "We are Brahmans and how can we eat with that Mahomedan?" Finding that the heart of Eknath was not clear, the god instantly disappeared, when Janardan Pant said to his disciple, "You are very unfortunate. The god would have blessed you to-day, if he had found that your heart was devoted to him. It does not matter now. I shall show you the god next time." So saying he returned home. Soon after, he, accompanied by Eknath, again went to the very forest, where the god in the form of a Mahomedan Fakir, and riding on a † *Kamadhenu*, appeared to them and asked Janardan Pant and his companion to partake of the tiffin brought by him. Eknath again hesitated to eat with the god, but Janardan Pant forcibly put him before the feet of the god, who pitied and blessed him, saying that

† A cow fabled to have the power of gratifying every wish of her owner.

he would be well conversant with the works, Bhagwat, Ramayana and other works." Having visited the god, they both returned home. In accordance with the blessing Eknath became a master of all the works and passed his time in devotion. One day there was a *Shradha* ceremony at his house and, therefore, he invited Brahmans to dine with him on the occasion. The god in the form of a Brahman became his menial servant, cooked food and did all other house-hold work for him. The food he had cooked was so tasteful that its very smell tempted the people there to come and beg of Eknath for it. Eknath was so generous that he distributed the food to the people, who heartily ate it. But the Brahmans invited by him were enraged at it and said to him, "It is a curious thing that you have allowed the people of the low-caste to eat the food before we partake of it. You are polluted, and we now can not eat with you." So saying they refused to dine with him in honor of his deceased ancestors, and put him out of their caste. He was, therefore, very sorry, and did not know what to do. But, in the mean-time, his deceased fore-fathers immediately came down and ate the food served up to the Brahmans. The Brahmans,

|| A funeral ceremony consisting of offerings with water and fire to the gods and manes, and of gifts and food to relations present and assisting Brahmans. It is especially performed for a parent recently deceased, or for three paternal ancestors collectively : and it is supposed to be necessary to secure the ascent and residence of the souls of the deceased in the world appropriated to the manes.

having seen them, were greatly surprised, and repented of what they had done. They said to Eknath, "We were wrong in refusing to dine with you. Really you are a godly man. We now tell you to undergo the necessary penance; and on your doing so we shall be happy to admit you into our caste." "I decline to undergo any penance," replied Eknath, "I have done nothing wrong." But the Brahmans having insisted upon his performing the ceremony, he went to bathe himself in a river; and whilst he was washing his body, a leprous Brahman came there and sought to visit him in order that he might cure him of the disease. The people, who were standing on the bank of the river, pointed out Eknath to the Brahman, who went and implored him to cure him of the disease. Eknath felt pity at him and gave him some water; and as soon as he took the water, to the surprise of all, the poor Brahman was cured of the disease. Since that time all the people of Payatan looked upon Eknath as a very pious Brahman and revered him.

—At Jamnagar near the river, Krishna, there lived a Brahman and his wife, who were great devotees of the god, Rama. They longed for a son; and in order that they might be blessed with a child they distributed alms to mendicants and always offered prayers to the god, Rama. The god was pleased with them, and said to them in a dream, "You will get a good and pious son, who is an incarnation of the monkey, Maruti." Shortly after, the wife of the Brahman was in family way, and gave birth to a son, who was called Ramdas. Day by day he grew up; and his father, having performed

his **vrataband*, made all preparations for his marriage. The day fixed for the ceremony came and the † *antarpāt* was held between the bride and bride-groom. The Brahmans began to repeat their mantras ; and at the time of putting around their neck the nuptial garland they stly repeated ‡ *Savadan*. As soon as the Brahmans uttered the word, savadan, he asked them what the meaning of the word was, when they replied, “The meaning of the savadan is that as soon as a man is married, he enters upon the § *sanwasar* ; and as the ways of the world are intricate, you must be cautious, when you deal with it.” Listening to this speech Ramdas was startled, and said to himself, “If the ways of the world are intricate, why do I want the marriage and why do I want the world. I now find much happiness and pleasure in my god, Rama.” So saying to himself he immediately ran to a forest leaving the Brahman, the bride, and all things there ; and although he was repeatedly entreated by his parents and the people there to return home and perform the ceremony, he refused to do so and did not come back. In the forest he sat near a tree in meditation and implored the god, Rama, to visit him. In the mean time, Maruti assumed his usual form and stood before him, but Ramdas was not afraid of him in the least. Ramdas said to him, “I should like to see my god, Rama. Will you kindly tell me where I can get him ?” “Just go to Pandharpur and the god will visit you there,” replied Maruti. Whereupon Ramdas

* The right of investing a Brahman with the sacrificial thread.

† The wedding curtain.

‡ Be cautious.

§ The world.

came to Pándharpur and prayed to the god, Vitoba. Listening to his prayer the god became Rama, and blessed him, saying that he would preach to the world moral, religious, and other useful subjects, and pass his life in devotion. Ramdas was greatly pleased, because the god visited him ; and since then he became a teacher of his fellow-beings. He wrote Dasboda, a work on prudence and worldly experiences, and many other useful works. Shortly after, he set out on a journey. On the road the king, Sivaji, met him and became his disciple.

—Tukaram, who was a great devotee of the god, Vitoba, lived at Devu with his two wives. He had two sons by his first wife, and his second wife had no issue. His parents were very rich ; and consequently he had seen better days. Soon after the death of his parents there was a famine, and Tukaram lost every thing that belonged to him. He was a merchant and sold his goods with honesty. But being very simple, he lost every thing, and was at last reduced to poverty with his two wives. His first wife died of hunger ; and he, his second wife, and the children by his first wife had no morsel of food. He felt deeply for such a state of things ; and leaving the worldly things he devoted himself to the god. He always sang hymns, preached to the people and prayed to Vitoba. One day the king, Sivaji, attended his preaching and placed before him a plate full of **Mokaras* but he did not accept the present, saying that it would not do any good to him and that

* Golden coins.

a prayer to the god was more valuable to me than the moharas. He also advised him to pray to the god and leave all these worldly things. Whereupon the king joined him in praying to the god. In the mean-time, a Mohomedan king despatched several thousands of troops to capture Sivaji. The troops surrounded the place where the prayer was being said, and the people, who were present at that time, were alarmed and told Sivaji to hide himself. The king asked Tukaram whether he should go away in the midst of the prayer, when the latter replied, "Have courage. Do not leave the prayer abruptly. The god will rescue you." Sivaji listened to Tukaram and did not leave the prayer. The troops saw all the people who had gathered for the prayer but they failed to identify the king. When they were thus in confusion, they returned to their king and told him that they could not identify Sivaji. Whereupon the Mahomedan king was enraged, and immediately ordered them to behead all those that had gathered there, so that Sivaji might be also cut off with them. The troops again came where Tukaram was praying and preaching, and communicated the order to the people. All were alarmed, and implored Tukaram for protection. Whereupon Tukaram prayed to Vitoba to come to their rescue. The god listened to his prayer and, taking the form of Sivaji, started on horse back in the presence of the troops, who immediately pursued him. The god went and ascended a hill full of thorny trees. The troops followed him there; and when the night set in, he instantly disappeared.

The troops of the Mohomedan king groped there in darkness, and were literally torn with thorns. After the preaching was over, the king, Sivaji, rode on his horse and returned to his palace. Looking at the indigent circumstances of Tukaram Sivaji became a dealer and presented the former with five bags full of grains, which he distributed to the poor people. Whereupon his wife scolded¹ him much. One day a black-smith lost his child ; and as soon as its corpse was placed at the place of Tukaram's preaching, it came to life. All the people were greatly surprised on account of this miracle and looked upon Tukaram as a great **sadhu*. Soon after this miracle he retired to a forest, where he passed two months in devotion. He did not take notice of his wife and children, who were crying and weeping for food. His wife was exceedingly sorry for the madness of her husband and entreated her neighbours to persuade him to return to his family. Nobody did mind her ; and, therefore, she herself went to her husband and said to him, " Well, what should I do now ? The children are dying for want of food, and you are mad after that god, Vitu." " Be calm. Do not agitate yourself," replied Tukaram. " Do not speak ill of my god. He will give you what you want, only if you fall at his feet. Let us distribute all that we have got to the poor people." His wife consented to it and all that they had was distributed to mendicants. Tukaram then applied ashes to his body and went about repeating †*abhangs* in praise of the god, Vitoba. His wife several times

* A sage. † Stanzas.

threw herself at the feet of the god and implored him for what she wanted, but nothing was given to him. Whereupon she became indignant and went to break the feet of the god with a stone. The god was frightened out of his wits, and did not know what to do. His wife, Rukhmini, asked him why he trembled so much to-day. "Because," the god replied, "the wife of Tukaram will break my feet to-day." On the road Tukaram met his wife and asked her where she was going. "I am going to break the feet of your, Vitoba, with this stone," replied his wife, "so that you will not be mad after him, and easily return to your children." Tukaram was alarmed and said to his wife, "Please do not do so. If you like, put the stone on my head." "Very well," continued she, "I will do so." So saying she entered the temple with fury, when Rukhmini asked her "Why are you going to break the feet of my husband with the stone?" "My husband," replied she, "told me that if I fell at the feet of your husband, I would get food and all things for me and my children. I several times fell at the feet of your husband but I got nothing from him. I am, therefore, prepared either to break the feet of your husband or the head of my husband with this stone." Finding that Tukaram's wife was serious, Rukhmini presented her with a *sari, waist-coats, and other things, which she took and returned home with joy.

Tukaram was known to all the people in Pandharpur and in the surrounding districts. He was looked

* A female dress.

upon by them a great sadhu. The Brahmans of every place were jealous of Tukaram, because the god, Vitoba, dined with him, though he belonged to a lower caste. One day they invited him to a dinner. Dishes were served up, and two of them were reserved for the god, Vitoba, and the god, Ganapati. They first prayed to their god, Ganapati, to sit with them to dine but he did not listen to their prayer, as he found that they were not pious. But Tukaram having prayed to their god and his Vitoba, the latter immediately came and dined with him. After the dinner was over, Tukaram set out for his village, Dewu. On the road he met a gardner, who took him to his garden and presented him with pieces of a sugar cane. Tukaram took them and set out from the garden. On the road children asked him for the pieces of the sugar cane, which he distributed to them and kept only one piece with him. His wife, having found that he gave all the pieces of the cane to the children on the road without keeping them for his own sons, got enraged, and having snatched the piece from his hands, beat her husband with it so forcibly that it was broken into three parts, one of which remained in her hands and the other two fell on the ground, when Tukaram calmly said, "All right, we need not now take trouble to cut the piece. You can take one piece for yourself and give the other two to the children." Looking at the quiet and calm tone in which her husband had spoken, she said to herself, "No doubt, my husband has no shame. Although I, being his wife, beat him so severely, he took no offence at it, and on the contrary

he was jolly. Surely there is no hope that he will improve himself in future." So saying she took no notice of him. Tukaram was attacked with a fever, and consequently he was ill for a considerable time. As he could not go to his god at Pandharpur, he was very anxious to visit him. He, therefore, sent a letter to Vitoba with pilgrims, informing him of his illness and imploring him to visit him. The pilgrims delivered the letter to the god, who opened and read it. As soon as he learnt the contents of it, he was very sorry, and immediately sent Garuda to bring Tukaram to Pandharpur. Garuda went to Deva and told him to sit on his back, so that he might take him to Pandarpur in no time. Tukaram refused to sit on his back, because Garuda was the **vahan* of the god, and requested him to get the god to him. Whereupon Garuda returned to Pandharpur and told the god what Tukaram had said. The god, accompanied by his wife, Rukhmini, went to Tukaram and visited him. Vitoba and his wife dined with him and returned to Pandharpur. Tukaram always performed †*Kirtans* at his village and many people attended them. An illiterate Brahman visited Tukaram and requested him to bless him with learning. Whereupon he composed eleven ‡*slokas* on a piece of paper and, handing it over to the Brahman with a coconut, told him to eat it with the nut. The Brahman said to himself, "Can I acquire learning by eating these things? Is Tukaram a fool?" So saying to himself he threw there the piece

* A vehicle.
and singing.

† Celebrating the praises of a god with music
‡ Verses.

of paper and the nut and returned to his village. Immediately after, a Brahman, who was also illiterate, came from the court of the king, Savaji, and visited Tukaram. He was in the service of a ||*Puranic* at the court of the king. He requested Tukaram to bless him with learning. The latter handed over to him the piece of paper and nut, which he heartily ate; and as soon as he ate the paper and nut, he became learned and returned to the court of the king. The Puranic, looking at his learning, was greatly surprised, and praised Tukaram and said that he was a true devotee of the god, Vitoba. One day a merchant attended the Kirtans performed by Tukaram; and whilst the latter was praying, his enemies threw account-books belonging to the merchant into the river, Bhima. The merchant began to cry, saying that he was ruined, as the loss of the books would deprive him of what he had possessed. Tukaram felt much for him and prayed to the god, who came in the form of a Brahman and restored to the merchant the account-books which were lying in the water for fourteen days. Shaik Mahomedan, Nimbaraj, and other devotees also attended his Kirtans. Tukaram had many followers; and in the midst of them he ascended heaven with his body.

—There lived a §*Patel* at Dharmagaum called Mancoji Bodala. The name of his wife was Mamatayi. He had a son whose name was Yamaji, and his daughter-in-law was called Bhagirathi. They all were devotees of

|| A Brahman well-read in the Purans.

§ A village officer.

the god, Vitoba. Mancoji Bodala was a rich man. There being a famine in that country, the people there had no food; and consequently many of them died of hunger. To save their lives he distributed to them all that he had and he himself became a poor man. One day the people there gave feasts to Brahmans in honor of the god but Mancoji Bodala, having had no means, was unable to serve the god by giving a feast to Brahmans as the others had done. To please his devotee, Bodala, the god became an old Brahman and ate what the former had given to him. For Bodala the god became a mahar called Vitu and paid to Government taxes for the field he had possessed, without the knowledge of his devotee and relieved him from his difficulty.

—Ganesh Natha was a great devotee of the god, Vitoba. There were wicked men, who caviled at him and said to him, “If you are a true devotee of the god, tell the tree under the shade of which you are now sitting, to eat the bread made by you for your god.” Ganesh Natha was in difficulty and prayed to Vitoba, when the tree divided itself into two parts. Ganesh Natha put the bread into the hollow of the tree; and as soon as it was put into it, the tree again joined itself to the great surprise of all the people who were standing there.

—Keshav Bhat was also a great devotee of the god, Vitoba. He was always praying to the god at his house. There being a **Ekadasi*, his disciples ordered a

* The eleventh day of the waxing or of the waning moon.

man to buy †*sunta* and sugar for distribution to the people there in honor of the holiday. The man went to the Bazar and asked a shop-keeper for the *sunta* but, instead of the *sunta*, the latter gave ‡*bachanag*, which the man took and distributed to the people. The shop-keeper, having found his mistake, immediately came and informed Keshav Bhat about it, who prayed to the god, and the *bachanag* became néctar.

—Latifa, a Mahomedan, who was a devotee of the god, Vitoba, every day worshipped the pictures of the god and his wife, Rukhmini. A Mohomedan king came there and said to him, “Why are you worshipping those pictures? Why do you give them §*vida*? How can they chew it? They are inanimate objects. If you are a true devotee, make them open their mouths and eat the *vida*.” As soon as the king uttered these words, the pictures opened their mouths and ate the *vida*.

There were other devotees of the god, namely Gomayi, Santaji and Visoba. To rescue them the god at one time became a fisher-man and carried on his shoulders his devotees to the other side of a river; and at other time he became a tortoise as large as a river and allowed his devotees to pass on his back to the other side of the river; and thus he relieved them from many difficulties.

† Ginger.

‡ Poison-root, or *gloriosa superba*.

§ A roll of the leaf of *Piper Betel*.

FINISH.

